

Vol. 1. No. 1.

Price 50p

# STARBURST

SCIENCE FANTASY IN TELEVISION, CINEMA AND COMIX

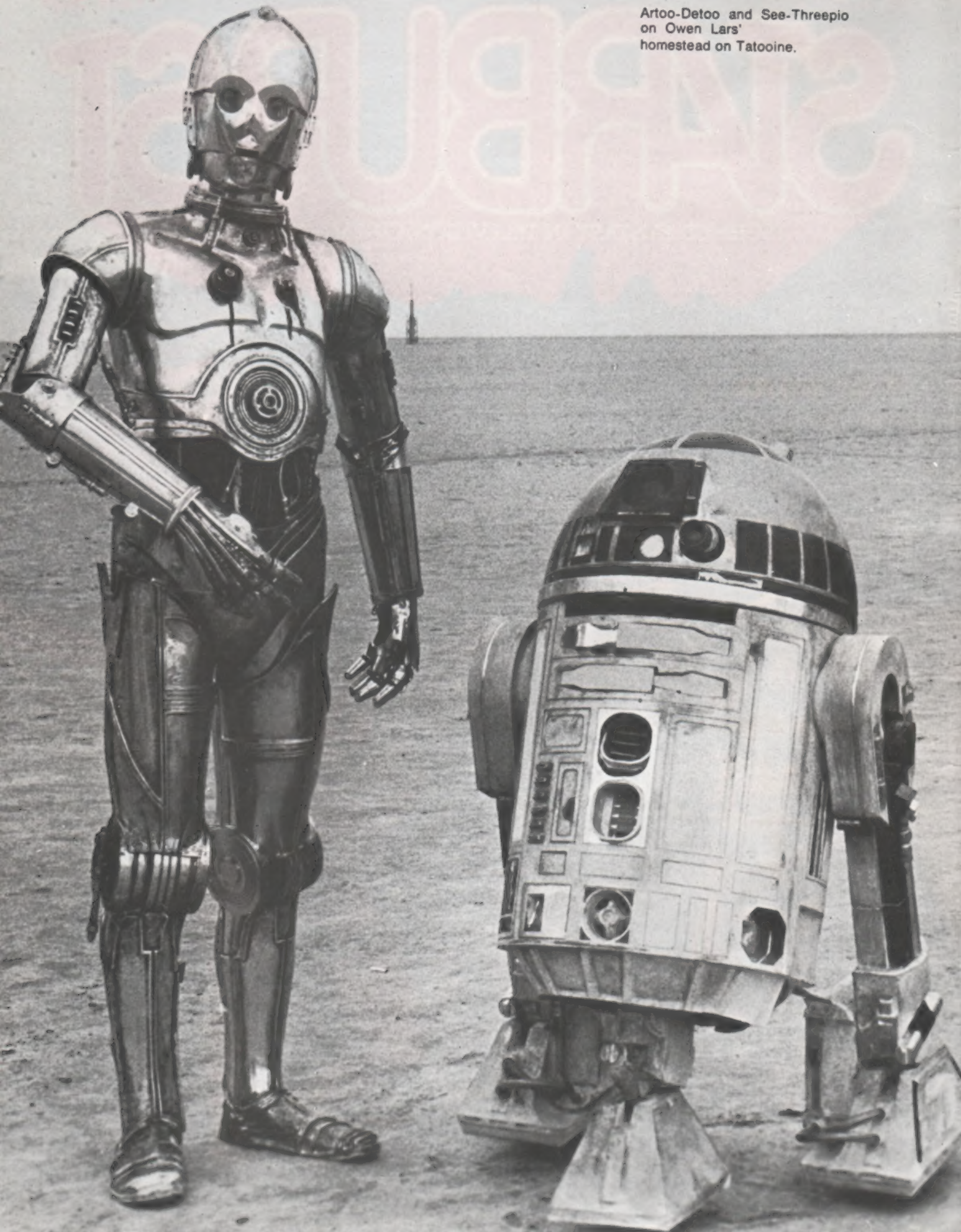
**STAR WARS**  
-in colour

The return of  
**JEFF HAWKE**



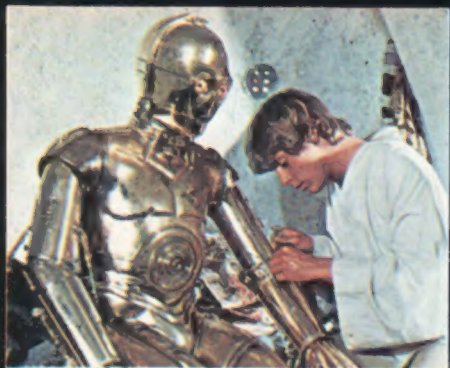


Artoo-Detoo and See-Threepio  
on Owen Lars'  
homestead on Tatooine.





# STARBURST



**S**CIENCE FANTASY LIVES! Thanks to the courage and creativity of George Lucas, the man behind the multi-million pound smash-hit film *Star Wars*, the world is thinking twice before turning its back on such "kids stuff".

For many a year, science fiction has been the top-selling paperback book area, but for some unknown reason science fiction magazines and films have often come to ignoble ends.

But now, a whole new wave of s-f is bursting out. Be it s-f in science fiction, speculative fiction, space fantasy (as Lucas prefers to call his film), or science fantasy... as we prefer to define this magazine.

Yet, not wanting to merely "cash in" on a trend, we hope you'll stay with us... through *Star Wars* on to other s-f films, tv shows and stories.

Take a look through our impressive contents listing... To bring you the best possible magazine, we've got together the best possible people. Harry Harrison... one of the top American s-f authors; Jeff Hawke... Britain's top s-f strip (remember it from the Daily Express?); John Brosnan... whose book *Movie Magic* is a treasure-trove of special effects facts; Dave Gibbons... one of this country's best comics artists, currently working on IPC's re-vamped *Dan Dare* strip; Brian Lewis... whose top quality s-f covers have been gracing books and magazines since the 1950s; screenwriter Chris Wicking; movie magazine and book author Tony Crawley, plus the same editorial team who produce such winners as *House of Hammer* every month.

Stay with us. This is only our first issue, and we intend to be around for a l-o-n-g time!

*Dez Skinn*

Editor: Dez Skinn Art Editor: Nigel Money.

**\*\*STARBURST 2 will be out late January, containing the new Superman and Spiderman films, interviews with Carrie (Princess Leia) Fisher, Gary Kurtz and Anthony (C-3PO) Daniels; a big colour section on the new animated feature film, Space Cruiser; an easy-to-do competition... with prizes; Jeff Hawke conclusion; and more. For subscription rates to Starburst, check out the small print at the bottom of this page.**

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**STARBURST MAGAZINE. Volume One, Number One** Jan. 1978  
Published bi-monthly by Starburst Magazines Ltd, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14. All cinema material is the copyright property of the distributors, to whom we extend thanks. A special thanks to Eddie Patman and Sue Blackmore of 20th Century-Fox for material on

*Star Wars*, and Paramount TV for material on *Star Trek*. *Starburst Magazine* is available on subscription from the above address at the following rates: £3.00 for 6 issues within UK; £4.00 outside UK. Cheques payable to Starburst Magazines Ltd. Distributed by Moore Harness Ltd.

Printed in England







# The Writers of STAR TREK

The growth of American television really began in the early 1950s, and the form it took was initially composed of one part radio, one part theatre and one part cinema. The radio heritage was seen in news and current affairs broadcasts, comedy and music shows. Formative drama series such as *Playhouse 90* and *General Electric Theatre*, as their titles suggest, were the Broadway of the cathode ray. While the galloping hoofbeats, blazing sixshooters, screeching brakes and barking machine-guns to which the small screen quickly resounded indicate that TV's debt to cinema was the importation of *genre* (westerns, detective/gangster shows, etc., etc.). Indeed it can be argued that, unique among the media/arts, TV—worldwide—has still to define its true, unique personality.

As the first major period of TV paralleled the first boom period of science-fiction cinema, this *genre* was incorporated into small screen programming.

Yet at this time, the love-hate relationship between TV and cinema was at its most paranoically hate-filled. Few, if any, "important" movie stars, directors or writers would condescend to have anything to do with the new medium (just as no self-respecting 'legit' folk would touch cinema in its infancy), and therefore TV film series tended to be little more than miniature B movies, aimed primarily at juvenile audiences or the lowest common denominator of adults. TV was thus an elephant's graveyard for veteran talents and a playpen for the new. The *genre* of science-fiction was limited to the ambition and age-group which motivated the serial moviemakers of the 1930s.

The most famous of these early shows was *Captain Video*, influencing many that were to follow during the Fifties' boom, all obviously aimed at exclusively juvenile audiences. *Captain Video* soon gave way to such fare as *Rod Brown of the Rocket Rangers*, *Captain Z-Ro*, *The Adventures of Superman*, *Tom Corbett—Space Cadet*, *Atom Squad*, *Space Patrol*, *Buck Rogers*, *Flash Gordon* and *Rocky Jones—Space Ranger* to the prolonged delight of the early-evening pre-teen audiences.

A few items like *Science Fiction Theatre* and *Men Into Space* tried their hand at

Feature by Christopher Wicking &  
Tise Vahimagi

appealing to both adult and kiddie viewers but generally failed on both counts. Then, on October 2, 1959, a show called *The Twilight Zone* came on the air—adopting an anthology format. This was the first science-fantasy series that was primarily aimed at the prime-time viewer, and though not highly popular, it did run for five years. *The Outer Limits*, which began its run on September 16, 1963, offered an even more bizarre collection of weird stories. These two series remain twin beacons of excellence

to the more-adult TV shows, in fact one of his later efforts, *Land of the Giants*, was just about the most expensively-made series on American TV at the time. However, despite the big budgets and the lavish-for-TV productions, Allen's shows still kept the continuing characters revolving and acting around childish plots.

In short, there were three basic stages of television sci-fi: the juvenile space-operas of the 1950s; the adult-market anthologies of the early 1960s; and the expensive juvenile series of the mid-1960s. And then—there was *Star Trek*...

These shows should not of course be so summarily dismissed, for just as with *genre*



Captain Kirk (William Shatner) shows Charlie Evans (Robert Walker Jr) some of the fine points of self-defence in this scene from "Charlie X", an early episode in the first *Star Trek* season.

Utilising a legion of creative talents, adult viewing figures were happily gained—but part of their rightful audience was missed, for by being presented as a collection of self-contained stories, the ritual of continuing hero-characters was still in the domain of juvenile television programming.

The latter "peanut-and-popcorn" shows consisted mainly of Irwin Allen productions: *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *Lost in Space* and *The Time Tunnel*. Allen's series maintained (and showed to some extent) a production budget equal

cinema, it's not so much what you do but the way that you do it which commends so much attention and regard. The concept of "form over content", the idea of fresh variations on familiar themes and ingredients being the bedrock of *genre*—and indeed a future article in this series will take an in-depth look at these shows.

But to launch this series on *Tele-Fantastique*, there is only one obvious candidate. Although such legendary shows as *The Twilight Zone* and *Outer Limits* perhaps remain the acme of TV fantasy (and will also be looked at in-depth later in



the series)—only *Star Trek* is a true phenomenon.

To rabid *Star Trek* fans—"Trekkies"—the facts are well-known. In its three years run from 1966, seventy-nine segments of the series were made, before it was cancelled by the network through failing audience figures. Yet the Trekkies would not let the show simply shuffle into fond memory. They could not personally keep it going—but their love and commitment to it spawned a miniature industry. Books, magazines, conventions and fan clubs devoted to the show and its stars proliferated. An animated *Star Trek*, featuring the voices of the original cast, was concocted by surprised TV executives to meet the growing demands for the "return" of the show—but it could not replace the real thing. In short, the show became a phenomenon.

Now, none of this just happens. No other successful TV show—*Guns Smoke*, *The Virginian*, *The Untouchables*, *Perry Mason* not even *Six Million Dollar Man*—has ever generated such an awesome and dedicated response. Our task here is to try and figure out just what it was/is about *Star Trek* that caused such a reaction—and we must therefore look first to the man whose brainchild it was...

#### GENE RODDENBERRY

Nobody quite knows who gave Gene Roddenberry his nickname—"The Great Bird of the Galaxy"—but as he was *Star Trek*'s creator, executive producer and conceived fifteen of the first season's twenty-two segments of the show, the appellation is perhaps justified, as well as indicating the sense of humour and family spirit which permeated the series.

Like the majority of U.S. TV producers, Roddenberry had entered the medium as a writer (that way, if all else fails, the man in charge can make any necessary scripting changes himself. The dictum of all TV and movie economy is—or should be—"it's cheaper to get it right in the type-writer").

Unlike his fellows however, Roddenberry had formerly been in the Los Angeles Police Department (ideal training for a TV producer, though!), and his knowledge of the force, police methods and problems gave him a firm basis for his TV writing assignments (segments such as *The Rydicker Case for Naked City*, 1962). He became one of TV's most successful writers, graduating to production as a result (as have such "hypenate" writer-producers as Glen A. Larson, Harve (*Six Million Dollar Man*) Bennett, etc.).

But before TV and police careers, Roddenberry had been an avid science-fiction reader, as well as a pilot for Pan-American airlines. It's not too fanciful to imagine him in the cockpit, en-route to Bombay, yet dreaming of helming a starship en-route to a distant galaxy. Nor—given this pre-TV background—to imagine James

Kirk as a Roddenberry alter-ego. Having never met the man, it's impossible to gauge exactly how close Roddenberry may be to the character he invented and who was to be incarnated by *William Shatner*. Yet as *Nichelle Nichols* (Lt. Uhura) says "When Gene wasn't available and we had a problem that had to be solved, we always asked 'how would Gene do it?'".

Thus, in every important respect, Roddenberry is *Star Trek*'s 'auteur', 'eminence grise'; 'Great Bird of the Galaxy' indeed, for after all he *invented* that galaxy.

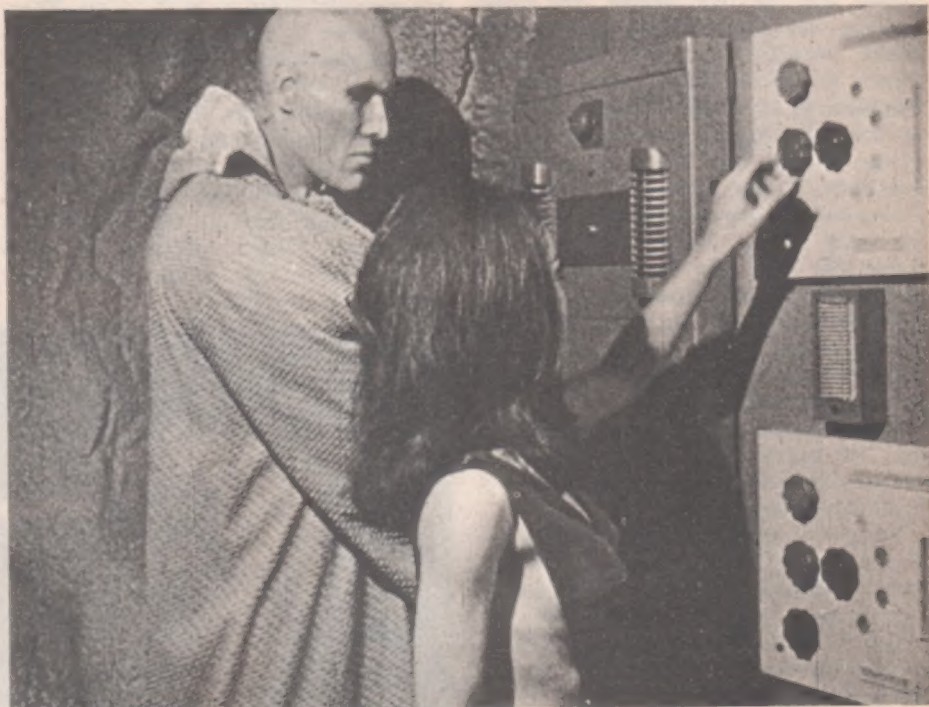
But there's no such thing as a one-man army, any more than there's a one-man TV show. Roddenberry needed collaborators—and his closest associates were hand-picked and well-chosen.

Roddenberry's second-in-command (line producer) for the first two seasons of

Coon could take the show's concept seriously while understanding how to make an action-adventure format serve as a framework for ideas and analysis about human affairs and morality. He also was endowed with a prime asset in TV—*speed*; when Janos Prohaska, *Star Trek*'s make-up expert, appeared one day in Coon's office wearing a new monster outfit he had created, Coon was so taken by it that he wrote a script around it—in *four days*. As the segment in question was *The Devil in the Dark*, it is evident that haste does not always make waste.

#### D. C. FONTANA

Fontana—who became the show's story editor for its first two seasons, was Roddenberry's other key collaborator. Like Coon, she wound up writing nine segments



Death carrier—Dr. Sevrin (Skip Hameier), dying of an incurable and maddening disease, takes control of the *Enterprise* in search for a perfect planet in "The Way to Eden", from *Star Trek*'s third season.

*Star Trek* was Gene L. Coon, another "hypenate", who had graduated from screenwriting to production and, with Roddenberry, supervised and controlled what we might call the 'administration of creativity'. Coon is known to movie fans for such work as his scripts for Jack (*Incredible Shrinking Man*) Arnold's westerns, *Red Sundown* and *No Name on the Bullet*—scripts which intelligently and perceptively rang the changes on classic "gunman-in-town" themes. Though primarily associated with westerns for the bulk of his career in cinema and TV, Coon's literate and thought-provoking way with material was exactly the right kind of talent needed for *Star Trek*. For, virtually alone among TV series, *Star Trek*'s story ideas, characters and conflicts had by definition to be unique every week.

of *Star Trek*, while helping harmonise and meld all the other scripts into the overall "world" of the series.

She had previously worked with Roddenberry on his earlier TV series, *The Lieutenant*. So too had the largely unknown actor destined to find stardom as Mr. Spock—*Leonard Nimoy*. *Nichelle Nichols* had also been featured in *The Lieutenant*, while *DeForest Kelley* had starred in another Roddenberry show, *Police Story* (no relation apparently to the well-known recent series).

This unity of personnel is an important clue to *Star Trek*'s success. Working with people you know and trust eases problems, aids communication—as directors as diverse as Ingmar Bergman, Francois Truffaut, Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Aldrich and Sam Peckinpah have proved—for in the



"mass arts" true collaboration is vital.

Thus Roddenberry led a team which shared his own sincerity and conviction about the series. Although *Star Trek* was sold to the network as a "Wagon Train to the stars", the underlying motivation was much more daring, much more profound.

Around *Star Trek's* basic creative triumvirate hovered a multitude of writers and directors, working on the various segments, and even a cursory glance at these credits illumines one of the prime reasons for the show's success.

#### RICHARD MATHESON

Along with Roddenberry, Coon and Fontana themselves, there was a solid bedrock of famous fantasy talent working on the scripts. Best known to media-buffs is *Richard Matheson*, whose screenplays for Roger Corman (*Fall of the House of Usher*, etc), *Duel* and *The Night Stalker* are as celebrated in celluloid as is his novel "I Am Legend" in literature (and it's appropriate, so good is the book, that it should have inspired *two* differing movie adaptations).

Matheson had already contributed memorable scripts to *Twilight Zone* (one of which, *Terror at 20,000 Feet*, starred William Shatner), and his sole entry in the *Star Trek* stakes is, naturally, regarded as one of the finest of all 79 segments—*The Enemy Within*. Here, Matheson fused gothic drama with science fantasy. Kirk, as a result of teleportation trouble, finds himself as a galactic Jekyll/Hyde, with two personalities warring within him—thus the elemental "good vs evil" battle is personalised within the central character. Shatner's performance allied to Matheson's writing and the sympathetic and skilful hand of director Leo Penn lifted the innate familiarity of the situation to metaphysical heights.

#### THEODORE STURGEON

Most celebrated of all purely literary authors to work on *Star Trek* is *Theodore Sturgeon*, one of the truly great writers of his time. (Two of *Star Trek's* most accomplished and challenging segments came from his pen—*Shore Leave* (directed by Robert Sparr) and *Amok Time*).

In his fiction Sturgeon is able to spin the most fantastic tales, yet never loses touch with basic human truths (even when his characters are "more than human"). His work is somehow the most beautiful, compassionate and touching of all writers in the genre. Not surprisingly then, *Shore Leave* became one of the most perfect examples of a basic *Star Trek* theme—namely, that humanity (and all that goes with it, god or bad) ultimately surpasses the most advanced and sophisticated tools of technology.

Here, the 'Enterprise' crew take leave on a planet where their dreams—or rather, their innermost fantasies—can become a kind of amusement-arcade reality, through the superior technology of the planet. Pre-

figuring the film *Westworld*, the dream-world goes haywire and turns into a nightmare.

*Amok Time* looks closely into the world of the Vulcans (from where Mr. Spock is descended), who, Sturgeon's script informs us, are subject to a salmon-like impulse when it comes to breeding. Spock has an overpowering desire to return and mate—but he and his 'Enterprise' colleagues don't count on a prearranged bride and her chosen mate. Although the issues are resolved by a rather simple, gladiatorial love vs death situation, director Joseph Pevney fashions the whole thing into an exceptional segment.

#### HARLAN ELLISON

In all, Joseph Pevney directed fourteen *Star Trek* segments in the first two seasons, and of all the "regular" directors, his work stands perhaps the highest. This may have been because he had the ability to exercise choice over which material he worked with—for, among his other segments, are some from other distinguished science-fiction and fantasy authors, most notably *The City on the Edge of Forever*, written by Harlan Ellison.

Something of an ageing "enfant terrible" now, Ellison's impact on science-fiction

in the '60s was enormous. Outspoken, almost wilfully radical, baring his heart and soul along with his ideas as shamelessly (and movingly) as Norman Mailer did in "mainstream" literature, Ellison became the virtual spokesman for the new generation of sci-fi authors. Preferring to label their stuff "speculative fiction", this pomposity apart, they helped drag the genre slap into modern times, vis à vis the social and political concerns of their (generally) young audience.

Ellison's adaptation of his own short story *Soldier* had been one of the highlights of *Outer Limits* (both story and teleplay can be read in the collection of his work titled "*From the Land of Fear*") Belmont-Tower books), but he chafed more than somewhat at the changes imposed on his *Star Trek* script by the show's format (changes finally made by Roddenberry and Fontana)—though he wasn't too upset to accept the Hugo award for the segment. And indeed many people believe *City on the Edge of Forever* to be one of the supreme achievements of genre television.

A mentally-deranged McCoy leaps through a time warp. Kirk and Spock follow seconds later—and hope that they have entered the same time as McCoy,

*Android prototype (Ted Cassidy—"Lurch" of Addams Family fame) is involved in an attempt to take over the Enterprise with android doubles. "What Are Little Girls Made Of" by Robert Bloch, from Star Trek's first season.*







Mr. Spock examines the frozen remains of a member of the scientific investigation team who died before the USS Enterprise could take them from a dying planet. "The Naked Time", from Star Trek's first season.

Earth during the 1920s. Now, of course, the 'Enterprise' personnel are "aliens", possessed as they are of enormously more sophisticated knowledge than those around them, possessed too of course of a knowledge of what is to happen in Earth's "future". And Ellison fashions a most tantalising situation. Not only does Kirk find himself attracted to Edith Keller (Joan Collins), the girl who runs a soup kitchen for derelicts of the Depression (this milieu allowing Ellison to sneak in a few barbed ideas about capitalism)—but Spock (having lashed-up a visual communications device to help track McCoy) discovers on the screen that there are *two* ways Earth's future could go; (a) Edith becomes a kind of civil-rights leader, and Hitler wins World War Two or (b) Earth history unspools "as we understand it, but Edith dies in a pointless automobile accident. It is within Kirk's power to save Edith—but by so doing, he would change the course of history. A

basic *Star Trek* premise was that the 'Enterprise' crew must not *interfere* directly with the progress and development of other life forms and planets—thus Kirk must sacrifice his personal feelings for Edith in order to preserve the greater good of the world. The underlying ambiguity of this whole situation—which is written and performed with much more subtlety and complexity than such a bald outline—allowed for typical, if diluted, Ellison-style ironies and ideological juxtapositions.

#### FREDRIC BROWN

*Arena*, from a story by Fredric Brown, is another splendid example of how *Star Trek* refused—at least initially—to skulk in the "creature-of-the-week" mentality which so dragged down *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*. *Arena* features a hostile and deadly scaly-creature, and a juvenile space-battle seems imminent. Instead, a logical conclusion is sought, and an adult,

human element continues to form the narrative.

#### ROBERT BLOCH

Robert Bloch, author of the original *Psycho* novel, and one of the leading fantasy (horror if not sci-fi) writers of his generation, contributed four scripts to *Star Trek*, and Pevney directed the one which perhaps remains the best—*Wolf in the Fold*. A variation on the Jack the Ripper theme, the *spirit* of the notorious murderer becomes active on board the 'Enterprise'—and the result, in terms of TV suspense, produces a *tour de force* of claustrophobic tension. *Catspaw*, also directed by Pevney, is equally gothic in style and mood.

In overall terms, it is the segments directed by Pevney which are the ones best remembered. Apart from those listed above, the best include Gene Coon's *Devil in the Dark*, wherein the creature devised by Janos Prohaska became "The Horla", a subterranean menace figure which would have simply been zapped in reel one of any other series. But Kirk & Co., taking the trouble to try and understand the creature, discover that it has no other malevolent designs than to protect its eggs from the intruders. *The Trouble With Tribbles*, David Gerrold's first accepted script anywhere, has become one of the most widely remembered segments, through the book by Gerrold describing the project's gestation (titled "*The Trouble With Tribbles*", which, along with Gerrold's "*The World of Star Trek*" and Stephen E. Whitfield's "*The Making of Star Trek*" is indispensable for all true Trekkies—and also for anyone interested in the world of U.S. TV).

Trekkies also rate *The Immunity Syndrome*, *Friday's Child*, and especially *A Taste of Armageddon* (where war is waged by computers) as highly as Pevney's other titles.

Sharing the main burden of directional duties in *Star Trek*'s first two seasons was Marc Daniels, who is also credited with 14. *Man Trap*, the first segment to be telecast, produced an element that was to be something of a recurring theme of the series—"don't readily accept what your eyes see". In George Clayton Johnson's script, an alien creature is capable of assuming human form, usually that of a loved or respected one, to attract the symbiotic human and then extract the salt content from the body, a vital need for the creature's survival. In theme therefore it was very much a vampire variation, the old gothic formulas transferred to the landscape of the starship. It was the first segment to prove that intense drama could be effectively relayed in confined surroundings (old dark house-wise) yet retain the structure and freedom of science-fiction.

*Assignment: Earth* was a fast-moving segment involving the transition of a character named Gary Seven (Robert



Lansing) from the future to the past, for, hating what he knows the future to be, he determines to change the course of mankind back on Earth, so that the future will be different. However, he is accidentally caught midway in his flight by the 'Enterprise'—and thereby sparks off the moral dilemma of *City on the Edge of Forever*. (Assignment: *Earth*, written by Art Wallace and Roddenberry, was also intended to function as a pilot for a new series, which never materialised.)

Two titles vie for consideration as Daniels' most successful *Star Trek* segment. *The Doomsday Machine* is a powerful piece of storytelling by another modern

the validity of myths and legends". Daniels' ability to handle such widely differing segments, and bring both off equally successfully, is, tangentially, one of the disciplines fostered by the furnace of the TV industry. Arguably it may dissipate inherent creative talent—yet time and time again such talent seeks expression through the realm of subterfuge and subversion.

The third most important director—in terms of output—is *Ralph Senensky*, with 7 *Star Trek* episodes to his name, two of which are classics—*Metamorphosis* and *The Tholian Web*.

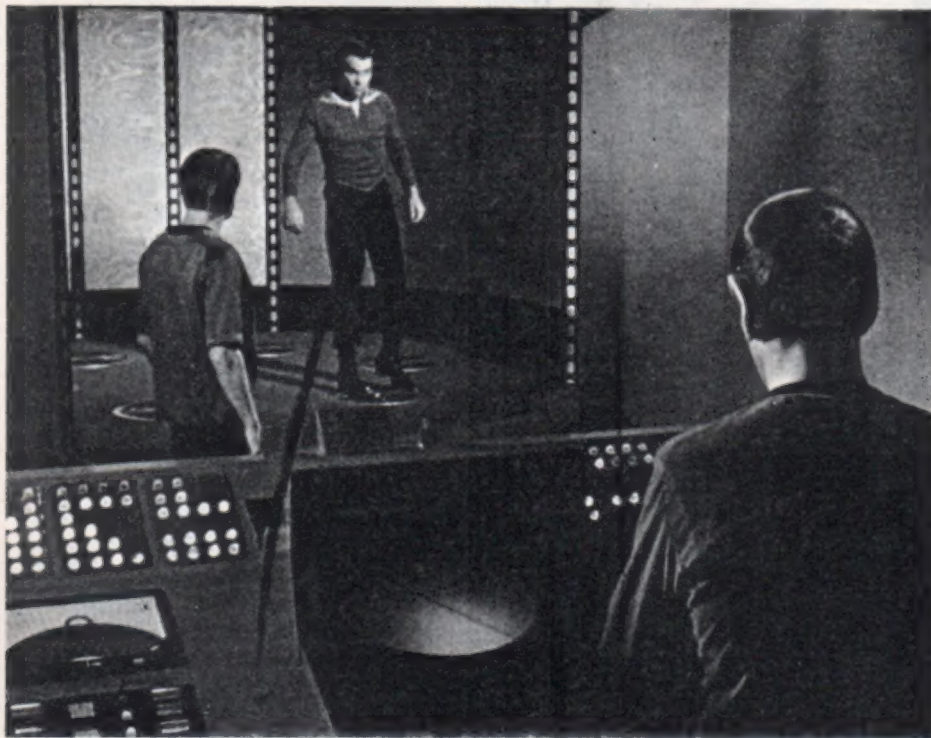
*Metamorphosis* is one of the strangest stories to come out of the series, involving

Kirk and an alien commander) and *Patterns of Force* (with an anti-Nazi theme again) are the best of the six *Star Trek* episodes directed by *Vincent McEveety*, while *Spectre of the Gun* (where the 'Enterprise' crew are zipped back thru time to the Old West) reminds us that McEveety made the unusual western movie *Firecreek*. To a larger audience, it's his Walt Disney features which are best known. Indeed, his directorial career began with Disney on *Davy Crockett* and *Mickey Mouse Club* TV shows. Most unusually, McEveety is from a movie family. The father was a pioneer with the Edison studios in the early silent period; brother Bernard is a respected producer/director (both brothers having been associated with the *Cimarron Strip* series) while a third brother, Joseph, has written much of Vincent's Disney features.

Certainly, Vincent McEveety's best work has an urgent, pulsating style, which is ideally suited to western material. Segments of *Rawhide* and *Cimarron Strip* along with *Firecreek*, make one bemoan his tenure in tiny tot territory. Equally therefore, his handling of *Star Trek*'s tensions, technology and territorial tournaments enhanced the drama and mood.

Among other directors of note associated with *Star Trek*, the most interesting is *Gerd Oswald*, like Pevney a big screen director before deciding to concentrate on TV. The son of celebrated German *Richard Oswald* (much of whose work was preoccupied with gothic areas and ersatz expressionism), his work for cinema is described by critic *Andrew Sarris* as showing "an admirable consistency, both stylistically and thematically, for a director in his obscure position" (obscure in the sense that only cultists took his work seriously). Though the "fluency of camera movement, controlled by sliding turns and harsh stops" which Sarris praises in the features is at a premium in his TV work, the anti-Nazi overtones evident in his features are quite dominant in *Conscience of the King* which is a "Hamlet"-like trial-within-a-play of a notorious Fascistic warlord whose Hitlerian conquests have been over planets, not countries. The Shakespearean parallels may also have reminded Oswald of his father's many "literary" adaptations in silent German cinema.

*The Alternative Factor*, Oswald's second segment, is a model in how to make a most complicated story both intelligible and exciting. From mystery to the ultimate threat of holocaust, the narrative builds on a *Jekyll/Hyde* theme with an immense magnetic phenomenon fracturing space from end to end and "creating" the entities *Lazarus A* and *Lazarus B* who, once they actually meet and fuse together, will implode and erase the entire Universe. Again here, we may see Oswald's fear and loathing of the idea of a "final solution" symbolised by some *Armageddon*. Certainly, the feeling of both segments is less "fantastic" than



With Spock at the transporter controls, Kirk is about to be beamed down to a planet's surface. "Mirror, Mirror" a second season episode by s-f author Jerome Bixby.

master of sci-fi literature, *Norman Spinrad*. The machine in question is actually a character, a gigantic tube-like creation capable of swallowing entire planets, let alone puny starships. "*Moby Dick*", Melville's classic white whale novel is often cited as the imaginative springboard for Spinrad's story, and certainly Kirk equals Ahab in the attempts to destroy the "creature". Spinrad's most famous novel, "*Bug Jack Barron*", suggests however that the author is much more concerned with the effects of unchecked, rampant technology, which perhaps *The Doomsday Machine* symbolises.

*Who Mourns for Adonais?* is light-years removed from such considerations, for here mythology replaces technology as the central narrative concern. Written by *Gilbert Ralston* and *Gene Coon*, this segment is described by *Gary Gerani* ("*Monster Times*" no. 20) as a "touching tale about Apollo's godly needs, (which) also makes some clever observations about

an indistinguishable alien lifeform having a love-affair with a shipwrecked space pilot, and thereby keeping his being alive and active. Also one of the gentlest stories, it could have had its roots controlled by religious orthodox. By contrast, *The Tholian Web* is one of the most suspenseful and thrilling segments, maintaining a hold on the viewer the way a tightrope-walker commands his spectators. The 'Enterprise' has intruded on Tholian space and is slowly being "webbed in" by the spider-like actions of Tholian space vessels. It's a matter of time before Kirk & Co are cocooned forever. With no guest-stars to bother about, Senensky could concentrate on character-under-stress and keep the pace at a simmering grade. *Return to Tomorrow* and *Obsession* are other Senensky segments most respected by Trekkies.

*Dagger of the Mind* (where scientists on a penal planet are experimenting on the minds of the inmates), *Balance of Terror* (another duel of wit and character between

continued on page 42



FROM AN AGE AWAY, IT'S EASY TO LOOK BACK ON, SAY, THE EMPIRE OF ROME AND COOLLY REASON WHY IT FELL AND HOW DISASTER COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED.

WELL, WHO KNOWS BUT ONE DAY SOMEONE - OR SOMETHING - MIGHT LOOK BACK ON US AND SAY 'WOW, THEY REALLY DID ASK FOR IT!'

IMAGINE THEN, A SCHOOL OUTING FROM ANOTHER PLANET TO THE RUINS OF OUR CIVILIZATION...

# LITTERBUG!

THERE YOU SEE IT, KIDS, ANOTHER PLANET DESTROYED BY ITS OWN MISGUIDED TECHNOLOGY...

WE'LL BE LANDING SOON, KIDS, AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE CLOSE UP JUST WHAT HAVOC LIVING BEINGS CAN INFLICT UPON THEMSELVES...

GREAT!

OKAY KIDS, EVERYBODY OUT! MAKE SURE YOUR ANTI-CONTAMINATION SUITS ARE ZIPPED UP AND DON'T GO WANDERING OFF...

YES, SIR!

WOW, JUST LOOK AT THE MESS!

HMM, I'VE SEEN IT ALL BEFORE, OF COURSE, BUT IT NEVER FAILS TO HORRIFY!

TEACHER!

TEACHER! LOOK!

HELP... PLEASE HELP ME...

WHAT IN SPACE?!

DON'T SHOOT... PLEASE DON'T SHOOT! I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM... PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT, MAN, CALM DOWN! WE WON'T HURT YOU...

EVENTUALLY REGAINING SOME COMPOSURE, THE MAN EXPLAINS...

I AM... WAS A SCIENTIST. I SAW THAT ALL THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN, SO I-UM-HID. I BUILT A VAULT OF TITANIUM STEEL AND BURIED MYSELF IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION... I SET THE CONTROLS TO WAKE UP IN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BUT THE HEAT FROM YOUR EXHAUSTS MUST HAVE WOKEN ME TOO SOON...

IS THERE ANYONE ELSE LEFT ALIVE?

NO ONE ELSE, I'M AFRAID... YOU'RE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!

OH

SOME TIME LATER, ABOARD THE ALIEN SPACESHIP...

IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO TAKE PITY ON ME LIKE THIS...

WHAT'S YOUR PLANET LIKE, ANYWAY?

WELL, FRANKLY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

... SEEING WHAT INDUSTRY HAD DONE TO OTHER PLANETS, OUR WORLD COUNCIL MADE WILFUL POLLUTION A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

... THEN, THE INVENTION OF ZEMBA-RAYS MEANT THAT ALL WASTE PRODUCTS COULD BE TOTALLY DESTROYED - WITHOUT EVEN A WISP OF SMOKE...

NOW, IF YOU'D JUST STEP INTO THIS ANTI-CONTAMINATION RADIATION SHOWER...



AND SO IT IS THAT THE EARTHMAN'S EYES ARE SOON FILLED WITH A BEAUTY THAT HE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN WAS POSSIBLE...

IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME WITH ME, I'LL TAKE THE KIDS BACK TO SCHOOL AND THEN SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU.

OH... THANKS.

HMM... I COULD DO WITH A SMOKE... MEY- THAT'S LUCKY- JUST ONE LEFT!

TEACHER...

TEACHER! LOOK!!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T BE TRUSTED!

EH?!

SURELY YOU MUST REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE... AND WHAT I MUST DO!!

STAND BACK, KIDS!

NO! I'M SORRY - NO!

EEYARRGH!

...I HAVE NO CHOICE!

SO MUST DIE ALL PARASITES, CHILDREN, REMEMBER THAT... HE WAS NO MORE THAN VERMIN!

...A-AN INSECT!

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY HE WAS A LITTERBUG, EH SIR?

YES, THAT'S THE WORD... NOW COME ON, BACK TO SCHOOL!

... AND NOT EVEN A WISP OF SMOKE IN THE SPARKLING AIR SHOWED WHERE THE LAST MAN OF EARTH HAD DIED.



# STAR WARS

## BUCCANEERS OF SPACE

Feature by Sam Deli

*Below: Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), the naive, blue-eyed hero. Right: Space mercenary heroes Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew), the 8-foot Wookiee, and Han Solo (Harrison Ford), captain of the Millennium Falcon.*

Film publicists are fond of using words like "fantastic", "incredible", "unforgettable" and "glorious" to describe the films they've been hired to push but rarely are these adjectives justified. *Star Wars*, however, is one of the exceptions—it literally *is* fantastic, incredible, unforgettable and glorious. One comes out of it feeling somewhat numb—one's eyes and ears still unrecovered from a broadside of sight and sound. *Star Wars* is a visual and audio extravaganza that sears the senses . . .

The first of the film's many visual jolts occurs right in the opening sequences when we see a small ship hurtling down towards a large planet below—then suddenly a huge shape dominates the screen and we find ourselves staring up at the under-belly of a vast Imperial Cruiser that is swooping down on the smaller ship. As we watch it overtakes the other ship, neutralises its defences and then swallows it whole.

The small ship contains the princess Leia who was attempting to reach her rebel friends with a vital piece of information—the computerised plans of the impregnable Death Star, a huge, artificial moon capable of destroying whole planets with a single burst of energy, and the corrupt Empire's most powerful weapon. Once inside the Imperial cruiser, the Princess's ship is penetrated by Imperial stormtroopers as well as Lord Darth Vader, a giant of a man entirely encased in black armour and who possesses super-human powers. But before Princess Leia is captured by Vader's men she has the time to feed the vital information to a small robot called Artoo Deetoo who looks like a mobile coffee pot (and makes similar sounds). She also gives him a













*Facing page: One of Darth Vader's Imperial ships laser-attacks a rebel X-wing fighter in the magnificent "deep space dogfight."*

*Above: Luke, Artoo and Threepio on the desert planet, Tatooine.*

message to take to an old friend, a mysterious man called Ben Obi-Wan Kenobi, who lives on the planet below.

Accompanied by a somewhat campy, gold-plated robot called See-Threepio, Artoo descends to the planet's surface in an escape pod. The planet, called Tatooine, consists mainly of desert and no sooner have the robots landed than they are captured by a group of desert nomads, called Jawas—small people who dress like monks and whose faces are unseen except for their gleaming eyes. The Jawas travel about the desert in a huge tracked vehicle collecting derelict robots which they repair and then sell to the settlers.

Fortunately Artoo and Threepio are sold to a young man called Luke Skywalker who works, unwillingly, on his uncle's farm while waiting for the day he can go and continue his space pilot's training at the Space Academy. By accident Luke discovers part of Princess Leia's plea to Ben Kenobi, in the form of a hologram produced by Artoo. Entranced by the image of the Princess, Luke offers to take the robots to Kenobi who he knows as an eccentric hermit living in the hills. But along the way they are attacked by a number of Tusken Raiders, a vicious breed of desert dweller, who almost kill Luke before being driven off by the sudden appearance of a frightening apparition. But the apparition turns out to be Kenobi himself.

In Kenobi's desert home Luke not only









Facing page: A fierce Tuscan raider, one of the perils of Luke's home planet of Tatooine. Above: Panic, as the Princess, Chewie and Han Solo find the walls move in on them, aboard the sinister Death Star.

learns about the Princess's mission but also receives some previously unsuspected information about his dead father. Kenobi tells him that his father—like Kenobi—was a Jedi Knight, one of the guardians of justice in the old days before the dominance of the Empire. And to prove it he gives Luke his father's old laser-light sword, which looks like an ordinary flash light until a touch of a switch produces a beam of dazzling, lethal light. Of the Jedi Knights only two still remain—Kenobi himself, and Darth Vader who has turned renegade and now serves the Empire.

Kenobi persuades Luke to accompany him in an attempt to rescue the Princess so they set off, with the two robots, towards the nearest settlement in Luke's anti-gravity car. But on the way they encounter the wreckage of the Jawas sand crawler which bears all the marks of an Imperial attack. Luke immediately speeds back to his uncle's farm but finds it in flames when he arrives and his aunt and uncle incinerated.

At the desert settlement they enter a seedy bar to search for a suitable space ship captain to hire and soon find themselves surrounded by a bizarre collection of alien thugs from all over the galaxy, a couple of whom become threatening before being

dealt with by Kenobi wielding his laser sword. They then succeed in finding a suitable space captain, called Han Solo, who owns a battered but speedy space ship named the Millenium Falcon. Solo, with

his co-pilot Chewbacca—member of a race of seven foot tall ape-like creatures called Wookies—has been using his ship to smuggle contraband goods past the Imperial fleets but is willing to offer his



In the bizarre saloon scene, Luke and Obi-Wan hire Han Solo and Chewbacca to lead them from Tatooine, in search of the captive rebel princess.





services to Kenobi and Luke . . . for a high price. But just as they are preparing to take off a squad of Imperial Stormtroopers arrive, ray guns blasting. The Millennium Falcon barely makes it into space, closely pursued by a number of Imperial space-ships. But then Solo sends his ship into hyper space and Tatooine, and the pursuing ships, are left far behind.

Meanwhile, on the Death Star, Princess Leia is trying to resist the attempts of Darth Vader and the Grand Moff Tarkin, evil Governor of the Imperial Outland regions, to extract from her the location of the rebel base. But her resolve apparently crumbles at last when Tarkin threatens to destroy her undefended home planet of Alderaan. She gives them the name of a world where the rebels are based but Tarkin treacherously gives the order for the Death Star to open fire and the Princess is forced to witness the destruction of her planet.

When Solo's ship materialises out of hyper space in the vicinity he and the others are amazed to discover that Alderaan has vanished. At first they think their navigation is at fault then they realise that

the rocks and other debris they are passing through is all that remains of the planet. Then they spot a small Imperial fighter and wonder what it is doing so far from any base. They give chase and pursue it towards what appears to be a small moon but too late they discover that the 'moon' is the terrible Death Star itself. Solo's ship is trapped by force fields and dragged inexorably towards the vast space vehicle.

But once inside the Death Star, Luke and the others elude discovery by the Imperial marines by hiding in the secret compartments built into the Millennium Falcon for the purpose of smuggling. Luke and Han Solo then prepare to rescue the Princess while Kenobi plans to confront Darth Vader, having passed on to Luke the secret of how to perceive and make use of the mysterious Universal Force that gives the Jedi Knights their power.

Luke and Solo succeed in locating Princess Leia, however they are then trapped in the prison section by a horde of Imperial Marines. But it is the Princess, who turns out to be a hard-talking, no-nonsense girl, who comes up with an idea for escape—she blasts open the hatch

on a waste-disposal chute which they then slide down into a foul-smelling tank containing both garbage and a weird snake-like creature that almost kills Luke before being frightened away by an even greater threat: the automatic garbage-compressing







**Left:** Artist's interpretation of an X-wing fighter closing in on the "achilles' heel" of the destruction-dealing Death Star. **Above:** Threepio and Artoo hide in fear as rebels try to hold back to attacking imperial stormtroopers. **Below, facing page:** Grand villain Peter Cushing as Grand Moff Tarkin, controller of the Death Star. **Below:** Han, Chewie and Luke are hailed heroes by the victorious rebel forces.



process that causes the walls of the tank to converge. But just when it seems that the Princess will be reduced to royal jelly Luke manages to contact Artoo. The robot plugs himself into the Death Star's computer circuits and overrides the instruction programme of the garbage disposal unit, thus saving the Princess and her companions in the proverbial nick of time.

Meanwhile Kenobi has succeeded in deactivating the force fields holding Solo's ship, then tracks down Darth Vader and engages him in a light sword duel in order to give the others time to escape. When he sees them safely reach the Millenium Falcon he allows himself to be cut down by Vader's laser, but as he falls he mysteriously disappears, leaving behind nothing but a pile of empty clothes. Luke, who has seen him apparently die, then hears Kenobi's disembodied voice urging him to continue with the mission.

The Millenium Falcon blasts its way out of the Death Star and hurtles into space, pursued by a squadron of Imperial ships. But Luke and Solo, manning the Falcon's heavy blasters, destroy the attackers one by one and are then able to enter hyper-

space on their way to the rebel base. But back on the Death Star we learn that they have been allowed to escape from the Death Star by Tarkin and Vader. A secret homing device has been placed on board the Falcon which will lead the Imperial planet-destroyer straight to the Princess's rebel friends.

When the Princess and her companions reach the base the plans that Artoo has been carrying are examined. They reveal to the rebels that, situated in a long crevice of canyon-sized dimensions on the Death Star's surface, there is a small exhaust vent that leads straight down into the Star's atomic core. The rebels work out that a torpedo fired into the vent in a certain way will set off a chain reaction capable of destroying the entire ship. Luke volunteers to fly one of the rebel fighters that will make the attack on Death Star but Han Solo, after collecting a huge financial reward for his part in rescuing the Princess, claims that he has no interest in the outcome of the battle and says farewell, much to Luke's disappointment.

As soon as the Death Star materialises in the rebel planetary system the rebel

forces take off and attack. By being so fast and maneouverable they are able to avoid the massive fire from the Star's batteries of heavy blasters but then a squadron of Imperial space ships intercepts them and rebel losses begin to mount. Several rebel fighters make it into the giant crevice that leads to the all-important exhaust vent but waiting for them there is Darth Vader himself flying his own personal fighter, and backed up by two support fighters. One by one Vader destroys the rebel fighters as they attempt to reach the vent until finally only Luke's is left. Though Luke is guided by Kenobi's disembodied voice, Vader's ship is closing in behind him . . . the laser blasts getting closer and closer . . . And within the Death Star itself preparations are being made to fire a huge bolt of energy at the rebel base. It looks as if Luke, the Princess and all the others are doomed, but then . . .

Yes, as in any good fairy story, evil is vanquished and all ends happily. Just how this occurs you'll have to see for yourselves . . . and afterwards you'll be sure to agree that you've had the cinema experience of a lifetime.



# JEFF HAWKE

## 'HERE BE TYGERS'

by Sydney Jordan

**1989**

IN THE ABYSS BEYOND THE ORBIT OF PLUTO, ON THE VERY FRONTIER OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, A PROBE LAUNCHED FROM EARTH IN 1977 ENCOUNTERS A BIZARRE AND INEXPLICABLE OBJECT!

AN OBJECT SIXTY METRES IN DIAMETER!

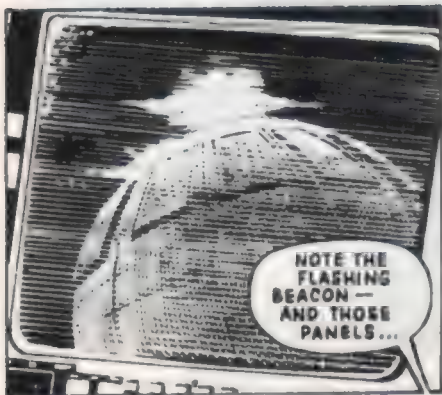
...THE PROBE WAS ON A BISECTING ORBIT AND OVERHAULED THE OBJECT QUITE SLOWLY...



SOMEHOW THE PROBE'S ENCOUNTER SYSTEMS WERE ACTIVATED...

T.V. DEFINITION WAS REMARKABLY GOOD—NOW TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

H 6409

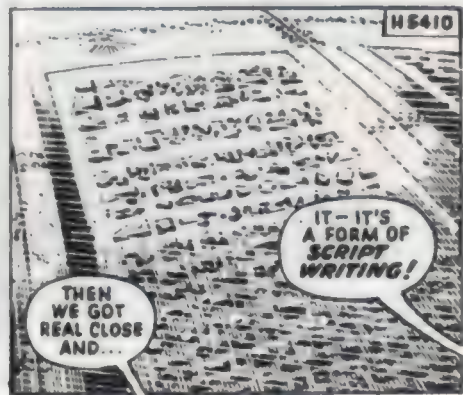


NOTE THE FLASHING BEACON—AND THOSE PANELS...



LET'S HAVE THE BLOW-UPS, MEL...

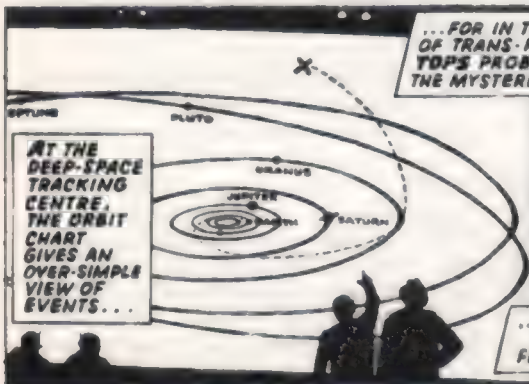
THE FIRST IS FROM A TWO-MILE RANGE...



H 6410

IT—IT'S A FORM OF SCRIPT WRITING!

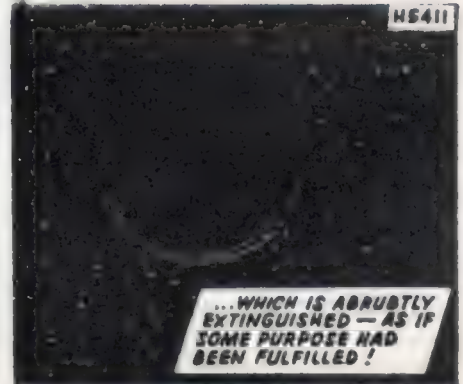
THEN WE GOT REAL CLOSE AND...



AT THE DEEP-SPACE TRACKING CENTRE, THE ORBIT CHART GIVES AN OVER-SIMPLE VIEW OF EVENTS...

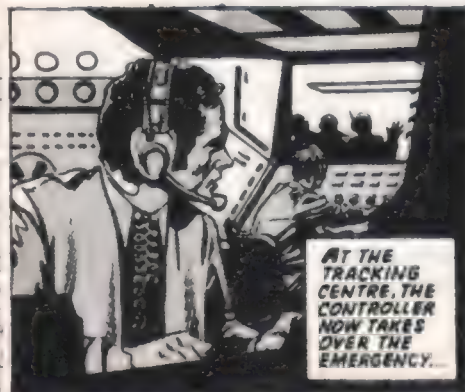
...FOR IN THE FRIGID DARK OF TRANS-PLUTO SPACE THE TOP'S PROBE HAS PASSED THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT...

...VISIBLE NOW ONLY BY ITS FLASHING LIGHT...



H 6411

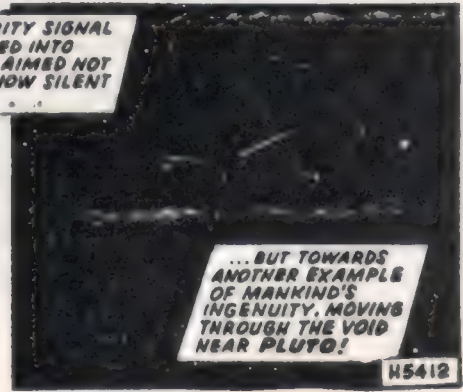
...WHICH IS ABRUPTLY EXTINGUISHED—AS IF SOME PURPOSE HAD BEEN FULFILLED!



AT THE TRACKING CENTRE, THE CONTROLLER NOW TAKES OVER THE EMERGENCY.



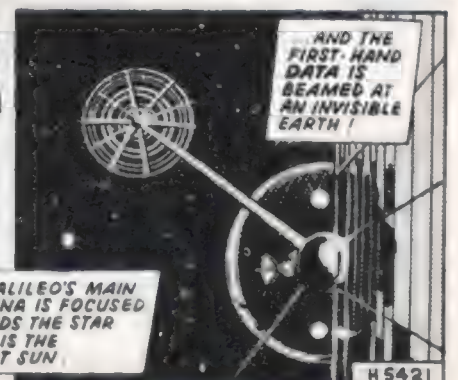
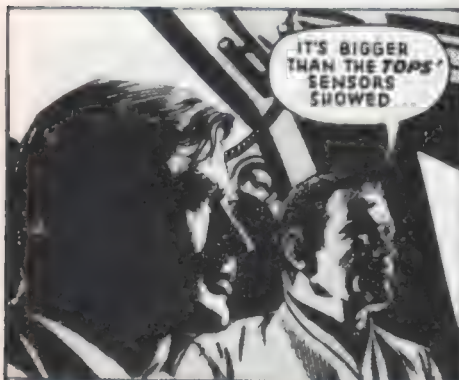
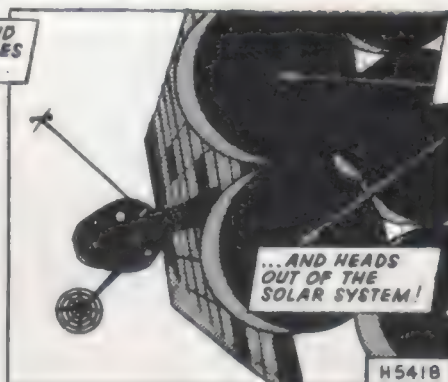
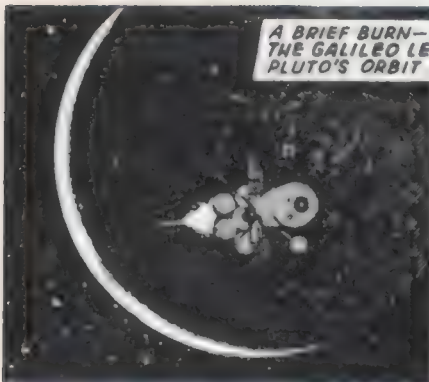
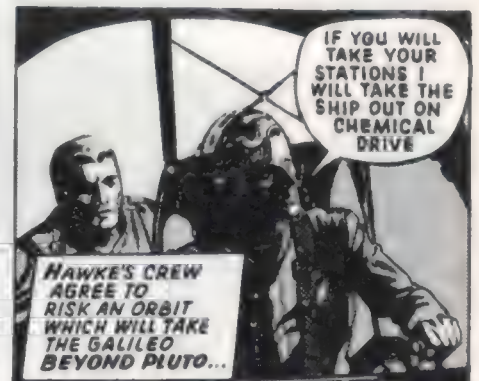
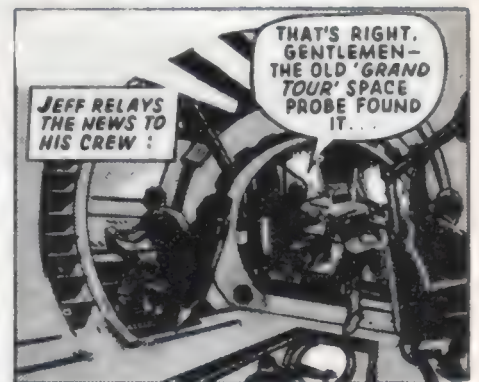
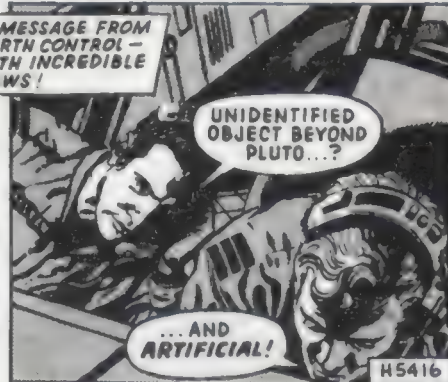
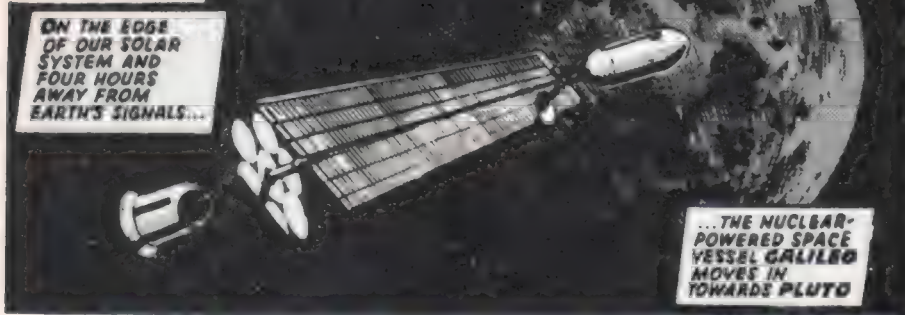
A PRIORITY SIGNAL IS HURLED INTO SPACE—AIMED NOT AT THE NOW SILENT PROBE...



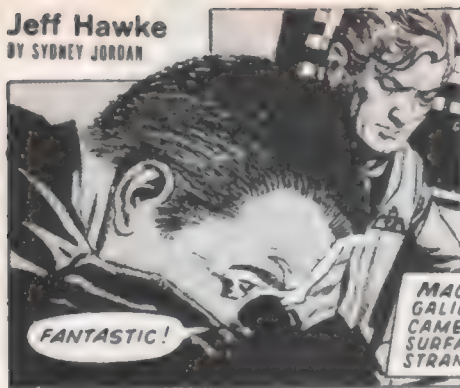
...BUT TOWARDS ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF MANKIND'S INGENUITY, MOVING THROUGH THE VOID NEAR PLUTO!

H 6412



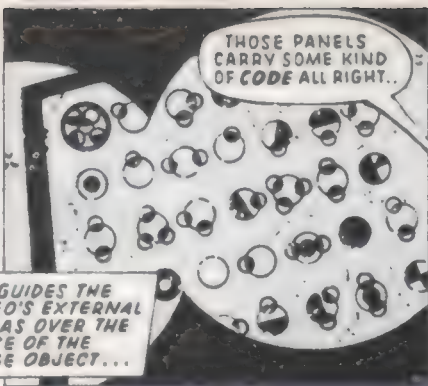




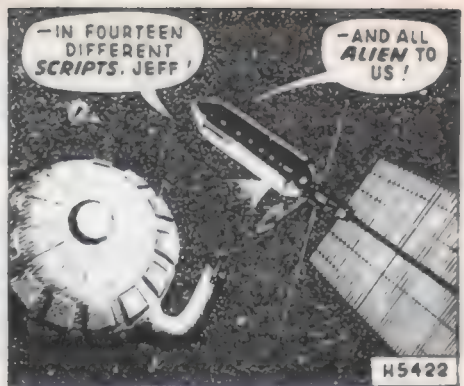


FANTASTIC!

MAC GUIDES THE GALILEO'S EXTERNAL CAMERAS OVER THE SURFACE OF THE STRANGE OBJECT...



THOSE PANELS CARRY SOME KIND OF CODE ALL RIGHT..



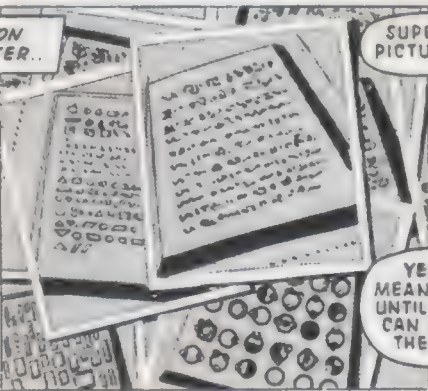
-IN FOURTEEN DIFFERENT SCRIPTS, JEFF!

-AND ALL ALIEN TO US!

H5422



IN A LITTLE OVER FOUR HOURS THE FIRST SIGNALS FROM THE GALILEO REACH EARTH...



SOON AFTER...

SUPERB PICTURES!

YES, BUT MEANINGLESS—UNTIL SOMEONE CAN CRACK THE CODE!



AND FRIGHTENING, TOO!

H5423



NOW MAC AND A CREW-MAN PREPARE TO GO EXTRA-VEHICULAR!

STEP ON IT, JEEVES

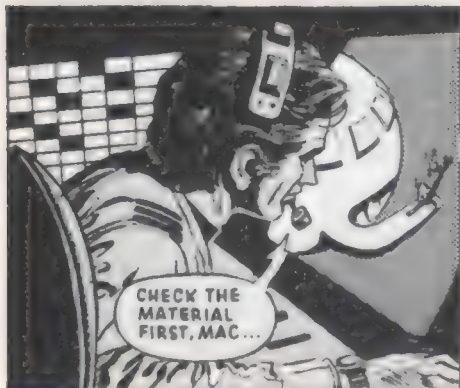
—TO 'EYE-BALL' THE OBJECT AT CLOSE QUARTERS...



TAKE IT SLOW, MAC! AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE—LEAVE IT!



H5424



CHECK THE MATERIAL FIRST, MAC...

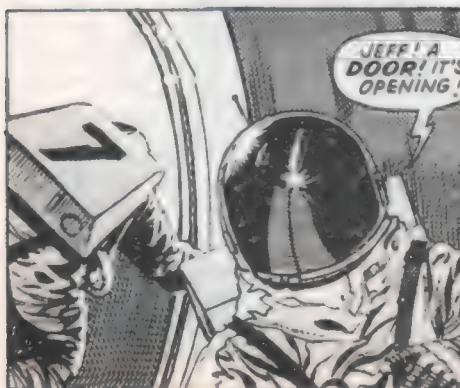


IT ISN'T DURALUMIN—OR PLASTIC...

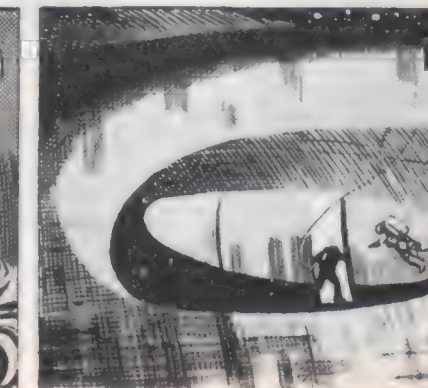
—BUT IT'S HARD!



H5425



JEFF! A DOOR! IT'S OPENING!

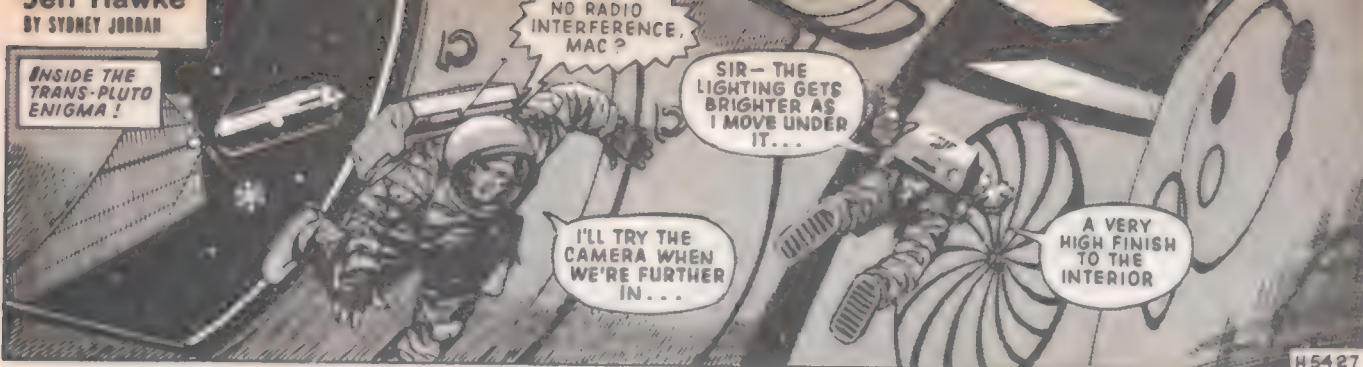


BE CAREFUL, MAC! WE'RE OFF LIMITS HERE!

H5426



INSIDE THE  
TRANS-PLUTO  
ENIGMA!



NO RADIO  
INTERFERENCE,  
MAC?

SIR - THE  
LIGHTING GETS  
BRIGHTER AS  
I MOVE UNDER  
IT...

I'LL TRY THE  
CAMERA WHEN  
WE'RE FURTHER  
IN...

A VERY  
HIGH FINISH  
TO THE  
INTERIOR

H5427

INSIDE  
THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
OBJECT X



CAMERA ON -  
ARE YOU  
RECEIVING?

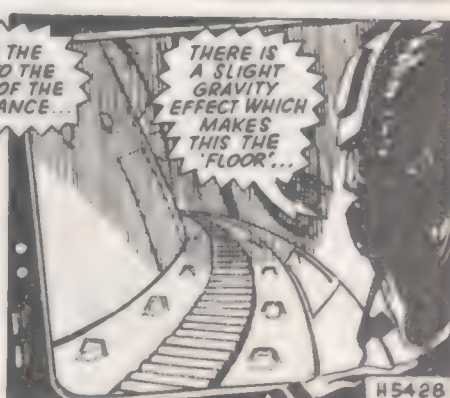
ABOARD THE  
GALILEO...

WE HAVE  
PICTURES  
ON CONSOLE  
THREE, SIR!



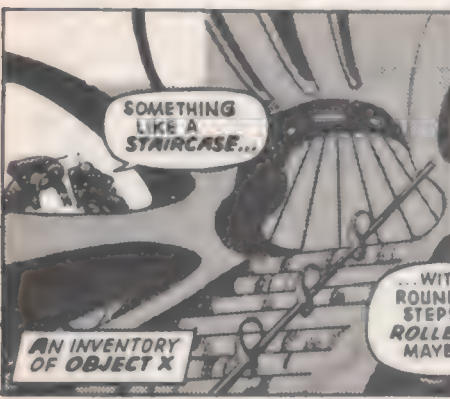
THIS IS THE  
VIEW TO THE  
RIGHT OF THE  
ENTRANCE...

THERE IS A  
SLIGHT  
GRAVITY  
EFFECT WHICH  
MAKES THIS  
THE 'FLOOR'...



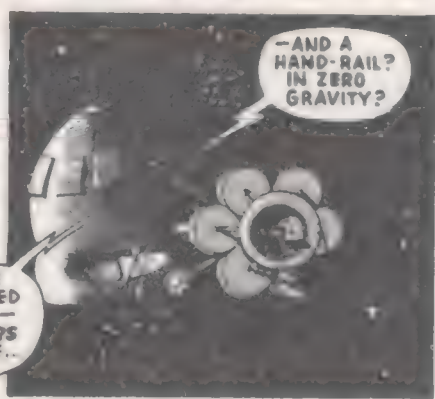
H5428

SOMETHING  
LIKE A  
STAIRCASE...

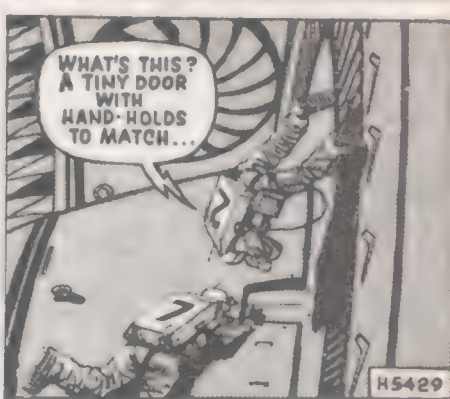


AN INVENTORY  
OF OBJECT X

... WITH  
ROUNDED  
STEPS -  
ROLLERS  
MAYBE...



-AND A  
HAND-RAIL?  
IN ZERO  
GRAVITY?



WHAT'S THIS?  
A TINY DOOR  
WITH  
HAND-HOLDS  
TO MATCH...

H5429

SIR -  
COULD  
THESE BE  
FOOT  
HOLDS?



... IF SO  
THEY'RE  
TOO FAR  
APART  
TO BE...

THE SUDDEN SHIFT OF FLOORING... AND A  
VICE-LIKE CLAMP LOCKS THE CREW-MAN'S  
BOOT!



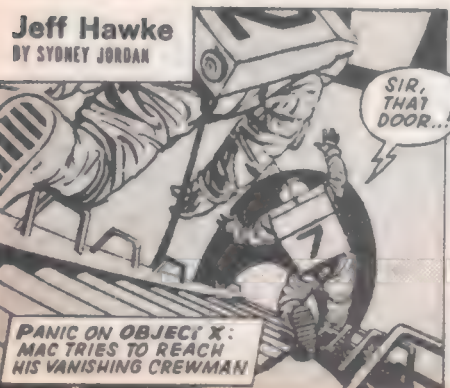
SIR, I'M  
CAUGHT!  
THE FLOOR  
IS MOVING!

HOBART!

H 5430

Jeff Hawke  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN

SIR,  
THAT  
DOOR...!

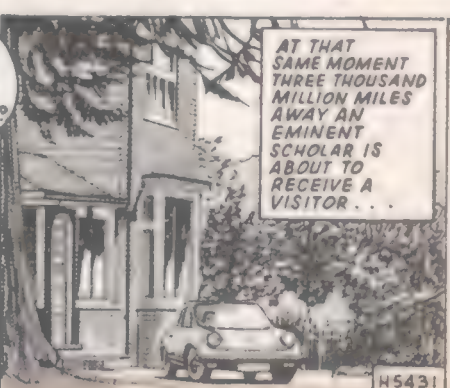


PANIC ON OBJECT X:  
MAC TRIES TO REACH  
HIS VANISHING CREWMAN



A-A-AGGHH!

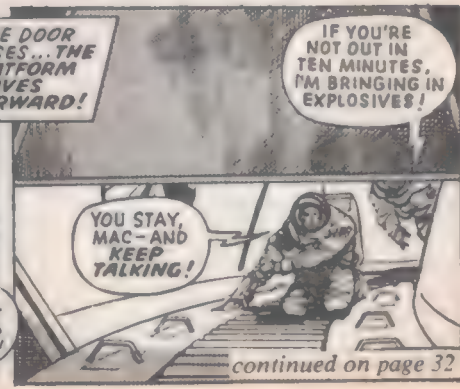
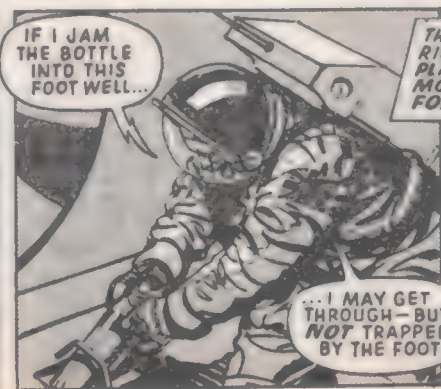
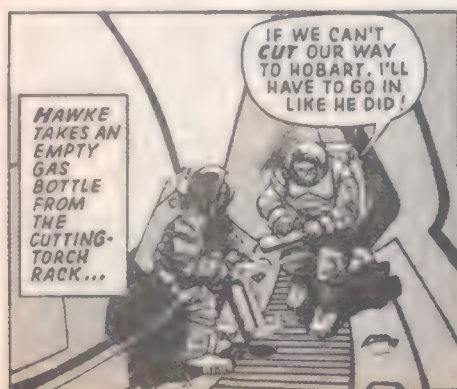
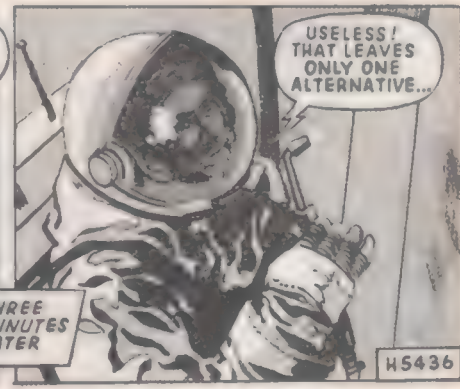
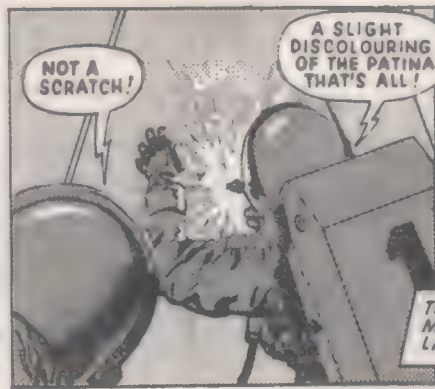
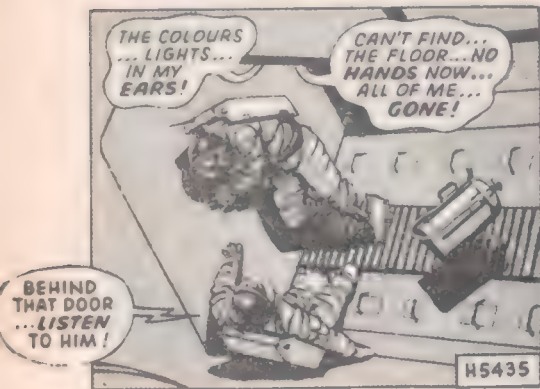
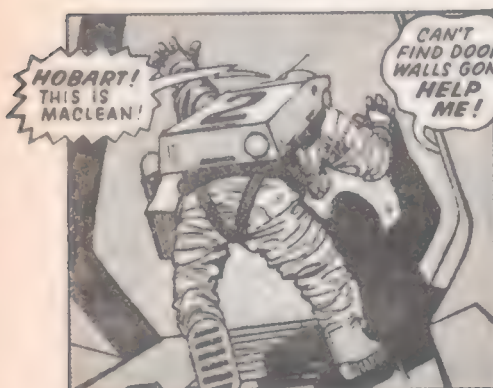
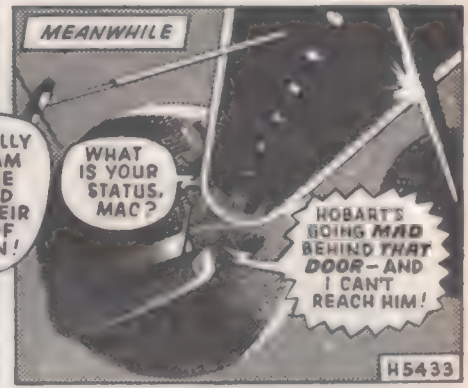
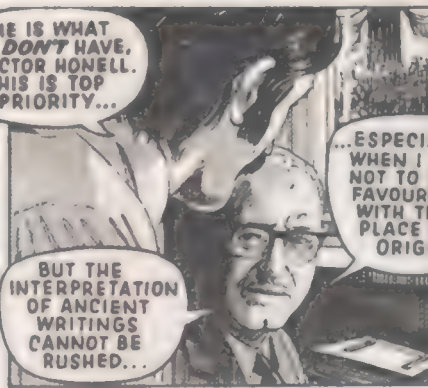
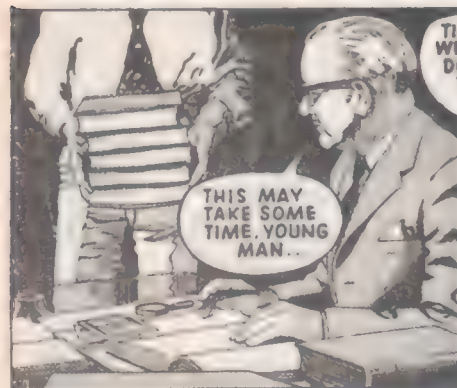
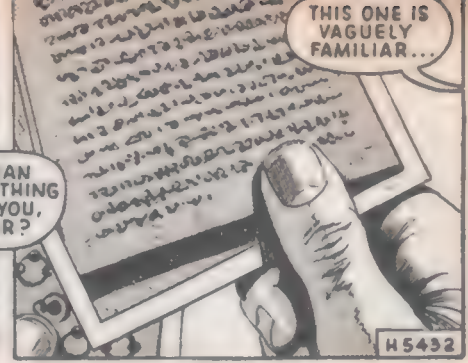
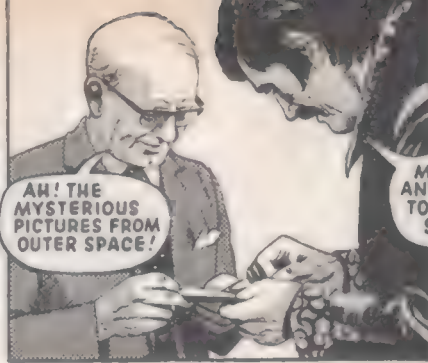
MAC! CAN  
YOU HEAR  
ME? WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
OVER THERE?



AT THAT  
SAME MOMENT  
THREE THOUSAND  
MILLION MILES  
AWAY AN  
EMINENT  
SCHOLAR IS  
ABOUT TO  
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VISITOR...

H5431







# STAR WARS

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POSEIDON ADVENTURE

	A	B	C	D	E	F
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# .....THING

## Doomsday Dramas.....

Latest stars in the movies are not the stars of the movies but the stars in which the movies are set. And that's not always Earth...

Although our own fetid planet seems in for a rough enough time ahead. With films called *End of the World*; *The Day The Sun Died*; and *The Late, Great Planet Earth*. We're also about to be invaded (presumably before the End) by a triple-studio get-together called *Meteor*, from which Sean Connery has promised to do his best to save civilisation as we know it... and a re-make of *The Thing From Another World*. Not forgetting newcomer, Alex Rebar as *The Incredible Melting Man*; or indeed poor Lily Tomlin suffering the slings and arrows of outraged misfortune as *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*...

## In..The..Star..Wake.....

Current contenders for the earliest top honours in the sf bandwagon bonanza, are Japan... and Canada.

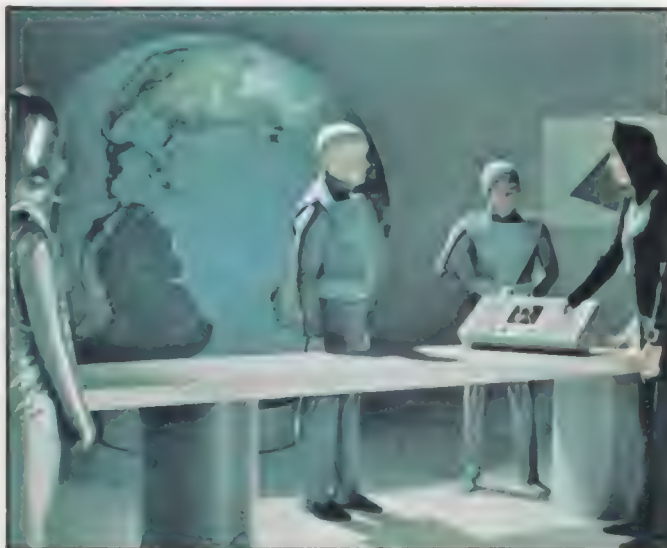
Pride of Tokyo in recent months, burying every other film in its wake (barring 007) is a home-made animated answer to *Star Wars*—or to *Savage Planet*, at least. This is Toei's box-office champion called *Uch Senkan Yamato*—or *Space Cruiser Yamato*. About which more, much more, next issue. Suffice is to say for now that *Yamato* is being released in Britain by John Hogarth's Enterprise Films. And it should not be missed. Obviously as it is an animation work, its birth goes back three years or more to about the same time George Lucas was making his plans. And it's certainly put Japan in the sf mood. First film to topple *Yamato* as No. 1 over there was Hollywood's *Survival Run*, a tame sf exploitation piece. But it still brought the queues out—and all this a full year before *Star Wars* is unveiled in Tokyo.

Canada's writer-director Ed Hunt is reaping the benefits of (like Lucas and Spielberg) taking a chance on his love for sf, with what was made as *Alien Encounters*; then, due to Spielberg (or Columbia) complaining about the similarity in title with *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, becoming *Alien Wars* (what else?), before finishing up in the United States as... *Starship Invasion*. Either way it's a terse little winner, matching Robert Vaughn and Christopher Lee, and, from the stills at least, reminiscent at times of *The Day The Earth Stood Still*.

If you're counting titles—that's nine new science-fiction films. And we've not even scratched the surface yet, Lucas has, after all, generated a veritable boom. World-wide.



# S...TO...COME.....THINGS...



## STARSHIP INVASIONS



The French are rushing headlong into *Star Lock*, and hoping they've got the key, on location in Nice...while Marjoe Gortner (from AIP's *Food of the Gods*) headlines the happenings on Patrick Waschberger's *Star Crash* in Rome, also for AIP.

### The Return of Pal.....

Big budget re-makes in the works for two George Pal classics of the genre: *When Worlds Collide* and *War of the Worlds*. And

not to be left out of the re-birth of the genre he has served so faithfully, for so long—and usually, so alone—George Pal is digging up his alma mater, H. G. Wells, anew for *Return of the Time Machine* and a TV-movie version of Wells' story, *Off On A Comet*—to be titled *The Day of The Comet*.

### Rival Revivals.....

Universal is searching for a newcomer to play *Buck Rogers*, while never far behind a success-pattern, Dino de Laurentiis is

similarly checking casting directories, TV commercials and his family for a fellow to resuscitate *Flash Gordon*. One sincerely hopes that Dino makes a better job of *Flash* than he did of *King Kong*.

Meantime, if you think you're a *Flash* or a *Buck*—names, address and photos to them, not us.

That's seventeen...

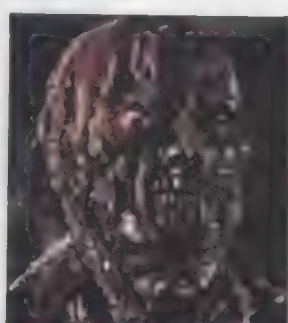
### The Best of the Rest....

We've got more if you want it. Which is





## THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN

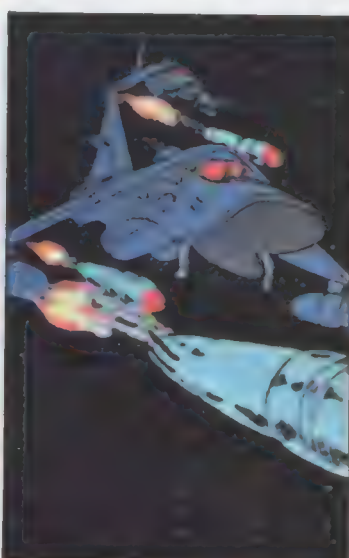


very much film-land's motto of late. So how about... *Spawn of the Slithis*... *Gift From A Red Planet*... *Skywatch*... *Magna I*... *Incredible Adventure*... *Rocket Ship X Flies Again*... *Predictor*... and from the *Logan's Run* producer Saul David, *Time-scape*... That's twenty-five... But who's counting. *We are*. We want *Star Burst* to stick around for a few decades, full of new

movies as well as looking back on the classics of yore and the stories behind their shooting and triumphs.

Whoops! We nearly forgot. Even the Walt Disney studio has gotten the bug. Starring Roddy McDowall. Their entry... would you believe... well, of course you would... is called... *The Cat From Outer Space*. From the milky way, no doubt.

## SPACE CRUISER



.....full.colour..feature.next.issue.....

## TV.SF.News.....

News from the TV moguls of Hollywood is a mix of muddle and nerves...

Paramount keep promising a new *Star Trek* series (minus Leonard Nimoy's Spock) for the box. Then, they say it's a film version. Then, they change their screen, and say TV again. Indeed, from the latest we hear, not only is the new *Trek* for TV only, but it's also for Paramount only—in their attempt to launch a fourth American TV network operation. *Star Trek* would be the mainstay of this coast-to-coast service, backed up by three hours a week of Paramount's TV movies. If they pull it off, it's due to the money they mint from *Happy Days*.

*Logan's Run* has begun its TV re-vamping—very nervously. In fact, the first 90-minute episode made the film look good! For Michael York read Gregory Harrison; for Jenny Agutter read Heather Menzies; for Richard Jordan read Randy Powell; for the story, read the book—or see the film again. *Logan* will have to improve mightily to beat off the ratings won by the green-eyed, beiged-trunked Patrick Duffey's *Man From Atlantis*.

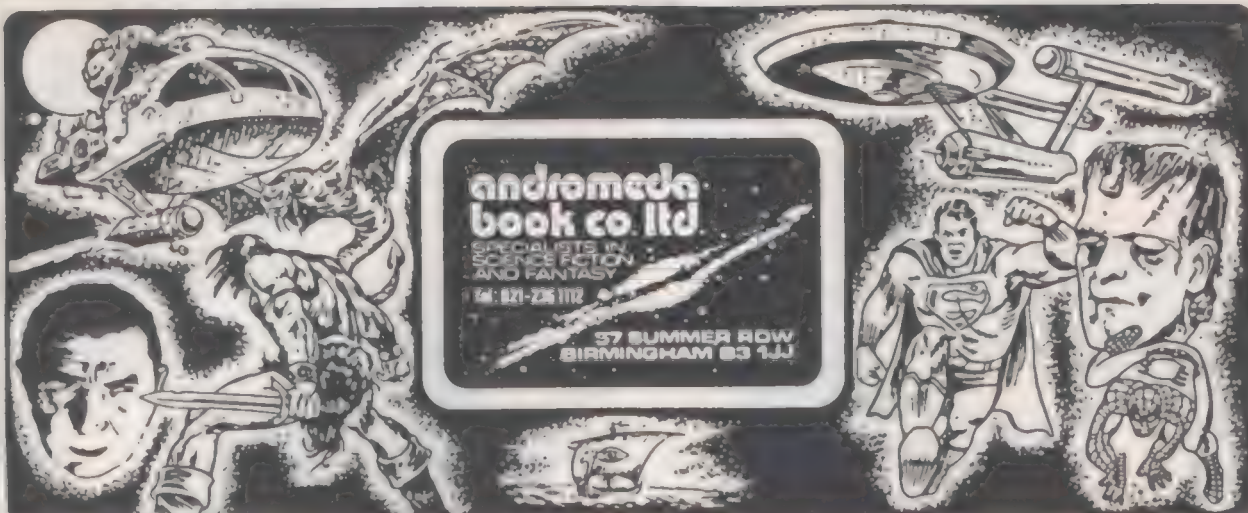
Must admit, MGM-TV are doing their best—via the last-minute injection of Donald Moffatt as a whimsical android. On viewing the first episode of this CBS-TV series, it was more than obvious that Moffatt had been added to the original 60-minute pilot show, in one last sweeping attempt to connect with the *Star Wars* crowd and make *Logan* run to the top. If he makes it, it will be the 'droid's doing.

*Logan's* directors include Britain's Robert Day—and better still, Curtis Harrington, making the switch-over from his more usual horror TV yarns, and, of course, great little movies like the current release, *Ruby*.

Finest slice of sf on the US television in the past few months, though, came from that wizard comic, Richard Pryor—right from the kick-off point of his terrific new comedy series for NBC. This had Rich paying tribute to that most forgotten of all important film roles. The man behind the bar. In Pryor's case, he was the barman for the George Lucas-style uglies at the *Star Wars* cantina. Just doing his job, fixing the booze and subduing drunks among the weirdest bunch of bar-flies you ever did see. Let's hope BBC or some network gives it a re-run over here—the technicians and the Ugly Agency folk from the real thing would love it!



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RM



To get our regular series of short stories off to a rollicking start, this issue we present a new whimsical piece by master storyteller, Harry Harrison.

Harry's track record just about covers all kinds of fantasy. He's the author of the Stainless Steel Rat books, the Deathworld series, editor of a large-format anthology of sex in sci-fi illustrations (entitled *Great Balls of Fire*), creator of the story "Make Room, Make Room" . . . which appeared on the big screen as *Soylent Green* (and didn't unfortunately live up to the book), his current book *Skyfall* is a huge success . . . the list is endless.

He even used to be an EC comicbook artist, with a teenage assistant called Frazetta . . . but he asked us not to mention that.

# PASS THE BOOK

OR

## AN IRISH TV REPORT ON THE ORIGIN OF MODERN SCIENCE FICTION

by Harry Harrison

**H**ail a cab, Liam. All night on that jumping train and I feel broken in two."

"Not on our budget, Paschal. The bus it is—and there's one coming now."

They ran, tottered rather under the weight of the camera and recording equipment, then fought their way aboard the bus among a crowd of red-faced Germans, shouting Italians, colourfully costumed Americans, turbanned Sikhs, and one lost-looking City gentleman with bowler, rolled brolly and haggard look. London had never been busier than this jubilee year. It was a sweating and claustrophobic journey that ended at last when they stumbled out at the corner of Fetter Lane.

"A quick jar, Liam," the cameraman gasped. "There's a pub there, calm and cool . . ."

"Later. Our appointment is right now. There's the place, just around the corner, number 8A Greystoke Place. Now get a good shot of me walking towards the entrance, pausing to look at the name plate, then pan to the plate and zoom in so you can read BETELGEUSE—THE SF MAGAZINE THAT CARES. Then cut back to me and follow me through the door."

Paschal muttered and cursed to himself as he struggled with the heavy bags and unlimbered the camera. He squinted at the greyish sky, opened the shutter two more stops, then waved Liam on. As soon as the action was finished he clicked off the camera and tottered after him. The outer door opened into a musty, umbrageous corridor with a desk at the far end. A pallid, adenoidal girl with a red nose was behind the desk speaking into an ancient intercom that greatly resembled an ex-army field telephone. She nodded, wiped her nose, then hung up.

"I'm very sorry but Mr. Carp has been delayed. However, the assistant editor Mr. Derwent, knows about the appointment and he will see you now. First door on the right."

"Much obliged. There you go, Paschal. Get a nice shot of me knocking and entering."

The editorial office was no more pre-

possessing than the entrance hallway. Galleys and manuscripts were piled high on the desks, and in many places had fallen to the floor. Various schedules and instructions were cellotaped to the walls, along with proofs of a number of garish covers that featured rocket ships, monsters, girls in spacesuits, as well as interesting combinations of all three. A weedy, balding man, wearing a green eyeshade and plastic cuff protectors, rose from behind the most cluttered of the desks and came forward to greet them. "Sorry about Carp. Called away suddenly. Do what I can to help. Now you are from . . ." He blinked rapidly at the paper in his hand, turning it one way and the other in the hope he could read it better.

"Telefís Cill Airne," Liam said. "The most important regional television station in the Republic, covering all of Kerry and beyond. We pride ourselves not only on our regional and national coverage but on our international and world programming. Bringing culture from all over, even England, which is why we are here today to ask you just how would you define science fiction? And you won't be minding if we film this interview?"

"Of course not. Go ahead. I never answer that question. Next . . . is that a Super-8 camera?"

"It is?"

"What kind of television film are you going to make with a 8 mm. home movie camera and no lights?"

"We are going to make the best film money can buy," Liam snapped back, scowling at the editor. "Even though there is not very much money for our second channel. So if the film is a little grainy we print it with TV interference lines over it and run a caption saying INTERFERENCE, DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET. Now can we get on with this interview?"

"No. Mr. Carp isn't here and I don't want to waste time with your penny-ha'penny operation."

"You'll give us three minutes of your time or I'll break your nose all over your face." Liam held up a great red fist so that Derwent could examine it easily. The microphone it held was tiny beside the scarred knuckles.

"It is a pleasure to tell the story of our magazine to the people of Ireland," the editor gasped out. "Our ambition is a simple one. Under the guiding hand of Mr. Carp we buy the works of the best writers, the art of the finest illustrators, to produce the best magazine possible . . ."

"Who's behind that door? Is that Carp?" Liam asked. He had seen the door marked EDITOR open and close again quickly.

"No. Of course not. That is our art director. He is waiting for Mr. Carp as well."

"Well we're not. Tell you're boss we'll be back in an hour and we'll talk to him then. Come on, Paschal."

Out in the street once more, Liam checked his notebook.

"Was that wise?" the cameraman asked

"Wise or not we have no time for the hired help. We have exactly one day to film the London science fiction scene. Less, because we have to catch a train before the light goes to shoot that SF author, what's-his-name, the one they call the Grand Old Man of Oxford."

"All right then, what's next?"

"A book publisher. I wrote down how to get there, they said it was close. Cut through the door to Brems Buildings, just opposite. Then right down Chancery Lane, right again on Cursitor Street and it's on Furnival Street just opposite. Here we go."

The premises of Gernsback and Campbell Ltd. were far more impressive than those of the magazine they had just left. The receptionist led them down a thickly carpeted corridor and through a mahogany door to an office that was more like a gentleman's sitting room than business premises. A well groomed man, with damp hands and a cold smile, greeted them and poured them sherries without being asked.

"How nice of you to come. I do hope it was a smooth crossing. Lord Bream will be with us any moment now but in the meantime I'll do what I can to help. I am Allen, his personal assistant."

"We have heard that you're publishing a block-buster of a book that will revolutionize all of science fiction. Is that true?"

"In a manner of speaking, though that is our ambition of course. Here is a display, but do let me turn the lights up, I'm sure



that little camera needs all the help it can get." He waved at a table heaped high with thick volumes, crowned by an enlarged photograph of the author who looked very much like a frog, though of course not as green. He wore a tweed jacket, was smoking a pipe, sitting at a typewriter, with an open book before him.

"This is Paddington Gare, perhaps the greatest living practitioner of sci-fi. His newest novel—that's it, take a copy, please not two, they do retail at twelve pounds—his newest novel titled *Interstellar Simonists of Mars* and, though it begins on the Red Planet, crosses the galaxy in pursuit . . ."

"Cut," Liam said. "That's enough film to puff the book."

"I beg your pardon!"

"We want to do the Lord Bream interview now. Is that his office there?"

"It is—but he is out as I told you. I say, you can't do that!"

"Locked," Liam said, letting go of the door handle. "Will you kindly tell his lordship that we'll be back in an hour for the interview and this time no hired hands. Understand?"

"I'm sure you will be able to find your own way out," Allen said, his back to them as he straightened the already aligned stacks of books.

"Not what one would call a howling success," Paschal said when they were on the street once again. "Here, you carry the bags a bit. My back is fair broke."

"And so is my temper. Only the thought of a great pint of Guinness at the end of the day keeps me going. But we've precious little on film yet so let's take the next one. Paperback publishers they say, just over here on Fetter Lane."

But, alas, this was not a lucky day for Kerry television. While the publisher himself, Sir Char, the man who had founded Pemmican Books, had promised an interview, it was his personal assistant one Ribble who greeted them in his stead.

"Of course you don't know how sorry I am. I know Sir Char is heartbroken that he was called away suddenly. But I can answer your questions and I am sure that your viewers would love to see all the fascinating cover paintings that adorn our walls. . . ."

"What about taking a few pictures in



Char's office?" Liam asked, pointing at the closed door.

"Out of the question I'm afraid. Privacy, you know. Must you go . . ." The slam of the closing door cut off his words.

"We'll have that drink now," Liam said, scowling blackly with anger. "Because I have some hard thinking to do and I want my thoughts well lubricated. Holy Saints!" he said to the barman, his eyes wide with shock, looking at the tiny glass before him. "Is that wee thing an English single whiskey? The glass is barely damp. You had better make it a treble or I'll never know I've drunk it."

The whiskey went down smoothly, while Paschal buried his nose in his pint. Liam drew a little square on the beer coaster and muttered darkly to himself.

"A plot. I'm beginning to see a plot," he finally said. "The pieces are all coming together."

"They had better or we'll have no film to take back to Killarney with us. Another?"

"No time. We have one last interview scheduled and this is going to be the big one. I can feel it in my bones. This is going to be the film that makes television history. Follow close, keep the tape turning and the camera tracking and I'll give you a film the likes of which you have never dreamed of before."

Enthused now Liam led the way out of the pub into Norwich Street and through the door of B.Q. Amber et Filles, literary agents, the agency that handled all of the top science fiction writers, as well as a great number of the also-rans, and the impoverished hacks as well. The receptionist could only gasp in alarm as the hibernian invaders stamped by her and into the office beyond.

"And I suppose that you're not Pollock," Liam said to the man who spun about in his chair when they entered.

"Why no. I'm Churnet. Mr. Pollock is in a meeting. Are you the television people . . ."

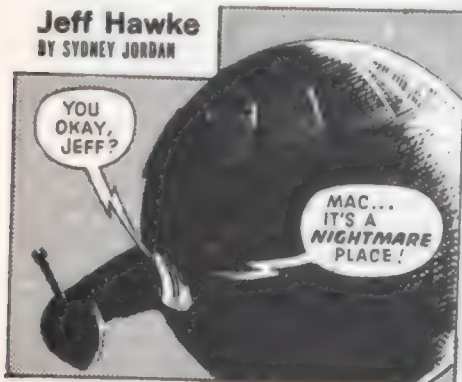
"We are and we are here for the truth about science fiction. You believe in free enterprise, do you not?"

"I'm not quite sure what that question has to do with science fiction."

"Everything, my little man, as I shall shortly prove. Here in the Smoke I imagine you have nothing but contempt for country people, for people from other lands as well. You thought you could fob off a pair of innocent micks with your smooth excuses and glib manners, send us crawling away knowing little more than we did when we

## Jeff Hawke

BY SYDNEY JORDAN



H5439



arrived. Well you have another think coming, I say."

Liam grabbed up a marking pen from the desk and, with quick slashes, drew a great square on the white blotting paper of the desk.

"There. A block of buildings. On one side Greystoke Place where that *Betelguese* magazine is, publishers here and here on Fetter Lane and Furnival Street, and yourself here on Norwich Street. Very smart the way the instructions had us walking around and around. But not smart enough. Every one of these firms is a different entrance to the same block of buildings. Am I right?"

"Well, I never looked at it that way. Perhaps . . ."

Churnett stammered out the words, his finger trying to loosen his collar at the same time, his eyes darting about like those of a trapped animal. The camera turned and Liam smiled coldly and nodded.

"I thought so. I'm right then, Pollock's door *there*—just like all the others—leads into the center of this mysterious building. Leads to the secret central offices where the real power lies, where the secret masters of science fiction lurk. The secret being that these various firms are not separate entities but are instead mere figureheads for a *cartel* that controls them all. An illegal cartel in defiance of the laws of trade. And we of *Telefis Cill Airne* are going to expose this evil cartel to the astonished eyes of a horrified world! Keep the camera on me, Paschal."

"You can't go in there!"

But the warning cry was too late even as it was uttered for the interviewer was hurtling across the office in a charge that had levelled entire fields of hurley players, flattened hordes of rugger opponents. With a horrible crash a mighty shoulder struck the solid door that, solid as it was, had not been designed to take punishment such as this. It cracked and broke and was torn from its hinges and Liam rushed on into the room beyond. And slowed and stopped.

"Jayzuz," he said, for this was not what he had expected. Here was no palatial suite of capitalistically controlling offices, but instead a single, spartan room. Four sided with a door on each wall. And in the center a dark desk with a man seated calmly behind it. A man whose face was familiar



to the world.

"Lord Bream," Liam said, striding forward to stand before the desk. "Then this is all of your doing. Or is it?" For there were certain items on the desk that he was

certain he had not been intended to see. He snatched up a monocle and toupee. "Lord Bream now, and as bald as an egg you are. But with this bit of glass in your eye and this rug upon your head—why sure and if you are not a spitting image of himself. Sir Char. And this!"

Wild with enthusiasm he gripped the tangle of gray hair and held it high before the camera's recording eye.

"And here is the good, grey Pollock, editor and publisher and star of a thousand bad quiz shows. Now I know there must be a large black moustache on this desk somewhere—and sure enough here it is ready to hand. The lip fuzz that transforms this chameleon of a man into magazine editor Carp, boring speaker at a hundred science fiction conventions. You've been caught out my man—you've been caught out!"

Only silence followed this victorious shout while the man behind the desk leaned forward slowly and pressed three buttons on his desk. His assistant from the literary agency was already in the room and was soon joined by the other seconds in command. One, two, three the doors opened and in walked the three men who had been interviewed in the three other offices. The cameraman panned about the room to capture them all on film while Liam stepped to his side, fists clenched and ready.

"We have it in the camera now and the world will soon know what is happening here. Unless you are armed and ready to kill us you'll not be stopping us."

"We mean you no harm," the man behind the desk said in a deep and musical voice. "Quite the opposite. It is peace that I bring."

"All will be well."

These words were chanted in unison by the four assistants who stood with folded hands and lowered eyes, chanted as though a prayer or a blessing. The man behind the desk nodded, smiling, as though this was his due, then spoke again in the same organ-like tones.

"Peace is what I bring and what I preach, and the publishing of science fiction is the means for revealing the truth. Men call me Sovv, and upon these walls you will see the manner of my coming."

For the first time the television men noticed the framed photographs on the

Jeff Hawke  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN

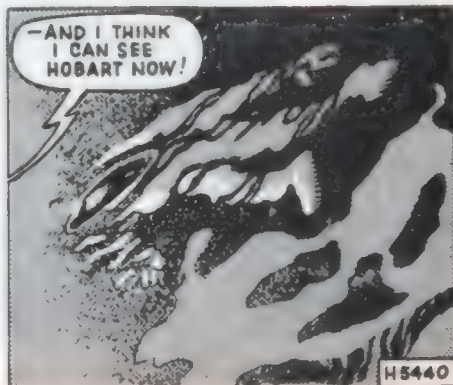


TERRIFIC  
PRESSURE NOW  
—THE SUIT  
MUST SPLIT...

JEFF,  
ARE YOU  
LOSING  
AIR?



NO! ILLUSION  
AGAIN! I KNOW  
I'M HANGING  
ON TO THE  
PLATFORM...



—AND I THINK  
I CAN SEE  
HOBART NOW!

H5440





walls. They turned slowly and looked at them, Pascal recording it all on film.

"Flying saucers," Liam said, "bloody flying saucers. I just don't believe it. Your man here's an omadawn expecting us to be taken in by it. Look there, a fake picture of him coming out of his flying tin tray wearing a shining sunday suit with tentacles growing out of his head . . ."

When Liam's voice gurgled to stop, Paschal spun about, still shooting. Recording on film the sight of Sovv rising slowly to his feet while the light about him grew bright and the rest of the room dimmed.

Recording, with a zoom shot, the tentacles that rose up slowly from his forehead from their place of concealment beneath his hair, pink and almost transparent tentacles that waved slowly in the still air.

"All will be well," the acolytes chanted yet again.

"All will be well," Sovv said. "That is the message I bring to Earth from the Greater Galaxy outside. These men are the first believers and they have chosen to aid me in my mission of peace. Through these humble science fiction publications we will spread the gospel and the world will be saved. I have spoken."

"You certainly have, Mr. Sovv, Liam said coldly. "Put the camera away, Paschal, for we are leaving. And you're going to have to kill us to stop us, Sovv my lad, because we don't borrow your line of nonsense at all. The Church has had some strong words on the subject. We are walking out of here and we are going to do our programme and the world will know all about your racket once and for all. I don't know what your game is, but whatever it is it is up right now."

"All will be well," Sovv intoned, and smiled upon them. "Go in peace my sons for I bring this peace to a troubled world. Take my message to this world if they are ready."

He kept smiling as the TV men walked to the door by which they had entered, looked about them for one last time, then left. The five men in the room stood in silence until they heard the outer door close. Only then did Sovv sigh heavily and

seat himself again behind the desk.

"You cannot let them go!" Derwent cried out. "They'll reveal the secret. It is too early, people are not ready."

"Do not trouble yourself my son. It is because they are not ready that they will not believe. People will think the programme is a stunt, is fiction, and they will ignore it. But our day will come soon. Now return to your work and prepare for that day. All will be well."

"All will be well."

Then they filed out humbly, restored and refreshed by his words, knowing that the future held glory in store.

Sovv sat humbly behind his desk until the last door had closed and locked. Only then did he stretch and sigh heavily.

"Man oh man, but this day has really been a bummer," he said, then took a bottle of bourbon from the lower drawer of the desk and poured a waterglass full. He took a dialless telephone from the rear of the same drawer and pressed the single button on its front. He had time for two large swallows from the glass before it was answered from the other end.

"Hello, Soveeny here. Quite a day. The weather? Why in hell do you always ask about the goddamned weather? Yeah, I know it's sunny and warm there in New York and rainy and cold here in London. You feel better now? Listen, I just got rid of a couple of TV reporters. They got in and shot the entire inside operation. Don't panic—remember the heart. It's for some station way out in the boonies and no one will probably believe a word of it. And if they do, so what? This operation is tied up, sealed and ready to be delivered. I've finished the French lessons and I'm moving on to Paris tomorrow. Send the mop-up squad to finish up here. Tell them to bring the Japanese text books and the dictionary I asked for. We are building the biggest International Publishing Conglomerate the world has ever seen."

He slugged down the rest of the bourbon and sighed happily.

"It's ours, baby, and it's all going to be run from our New York office.

"Today British science fiction is ours—tomorrow the world!"

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN

CAUGHT IN A  
BIZARRE CHAMBER  
OF SHIFTING  
DIMENSIONS  
ON OBJECT X...

OVER HERE,  
HOBART!

HAWKE'S CREWMAN,  
HOBART, REACHES  
FOR ONE OF THE  
DANCING LIGHTS  
WHICH INCREDIBLY  
CALLS HIS NAME!

WHILE ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
THE LOCK...

GOT  
HIM,  
JEFF?

YES, MAC!  
NOW I'M  
TRYING FOR  
THE WAY  
OUT!

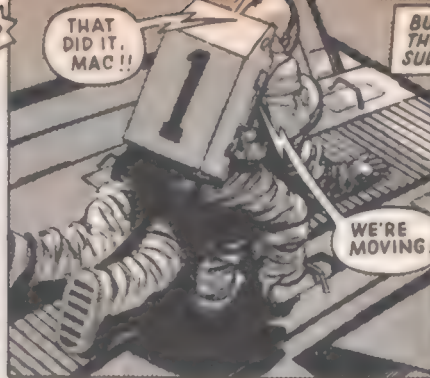
H5441



**Jeff Hawke**  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN



NOW...  
THIS TIME I  
PLACE MY FOOT  
IN THE HOLD  
THE **OPPOSITE**  
WAY ROUND...



SIR?  
THAT  
DID IT,  
MAC!!

WE'RE  
MOVING!

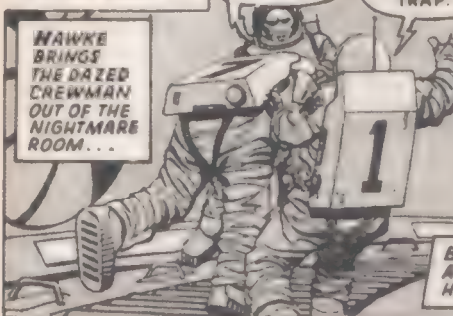
BUT ABOARD  
THE GALILEO,  
SUDDEN ALARM



...AS THE BEACON LIGHT  
WHICH GUIDED THE  
EARTHMEN TO OBJECT X,  
BEGINS TO FLASH AGAIN!

H5442

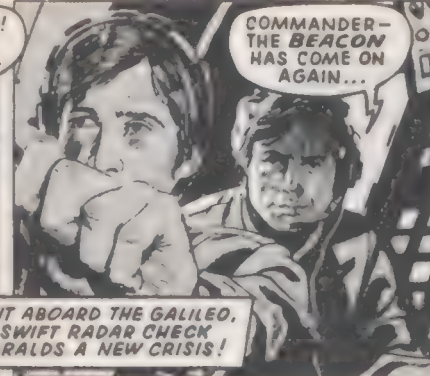
**Jeff Hawke**  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN



HAWKE  
BRINGS  
THE DAZED  
CREWMAN  
OUT OF THE  
NIGHTMARE  
ROOM...

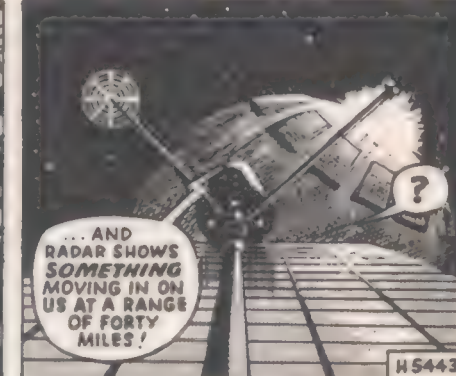
THE TRACK  
WORKS BOTH  
WAYS!

YES, MAC!  
-IT'S NO  
TRAP...



COMMANDER-  
THE BEACON  
HAS COME ON  
AGAIN...

BUT ABOARD THE GALILEO,  
A SWIFT RADAR CHECK  
HERALDS A NEW CRISIS!



... AND  
RADAR SHOWS  
SOMETHING  
MOVING IN ON  
US AT A RANGE  
OF FORTY  
MILES!

H5443

**Jeff Hawke**  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN



INTRUDER  
DEFINITELY ON  
RENDEZVOUS  
COURSE, SIR!

GET HOBART  
BACK TO THE  
SHIP, MAC!

YOU'RE  
STAYING?



YES!  
LEAVE THE  
CAMERA...

INTRUDER  
AT THIRTY  
MILES, SIR

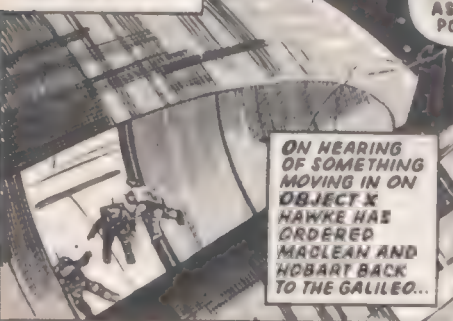
I'LL  
COME BACK  
OVER...



NO, MAC! THERE  
WON'T BE TIME!  
I'M ORDERING  
YOU TO TAKE THE  
SHIP CLEAR!

H5444

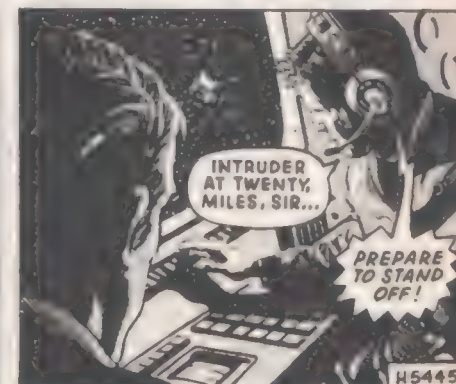
**Jeff Hawke**  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN



ON HEARING  
OF SOMETHING  
MOVING IN ON  
OBJECT X  
HAWKE HAS  
ORDERED  
MACLEAN AND  
HOBART BACK  
TO THE GALILEO...

I'LL USE THE  
CAMERA FOR  
AS LONG AS  
POSSIBLE...

WHAT  
RANGE NOW,  
SPARKS?

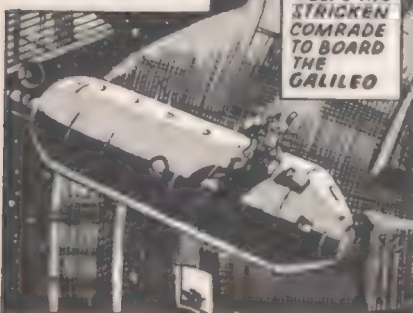


INTRUDER  
AT TWENTY,  
MILES, SIR...

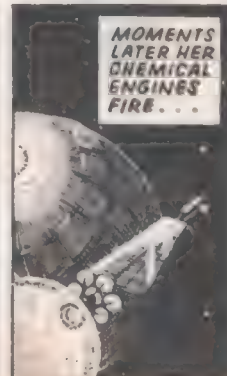
PREPARE  
TO STAND  
OFF!

H5445

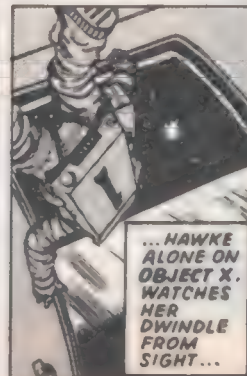
**Jeff Hawke**  
BY SYDNEY JORDAN



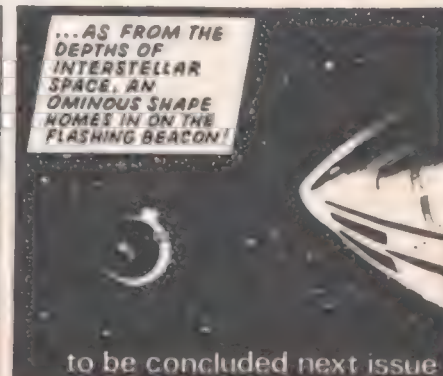
MACLEAN  
HELPS HIS  
STRICKEN  
COMRADE  
TO BOARD  
THE  
GALILEO



MOMENTS  
LATER HER  
CHEMICAL  
ENGINES  
FIRE...



...HAWKE  
ALONE ON  
OBJECT X.  
WATCHES  
HER  
DWINDE  
FROM  
SIGHT...



...AS FROM THE  
DEPTHS OF  
INTERSTELLAR  
SPACE, AN  
OMINOUS SHAPE  
HOMES IN ON THE  
FLASHING BEACON!

to be concluded next issue



# The Making of STAR WARS

by John Brosnan

**D**espite the large number of people involved with the actual making of *Star Wars* the movie is really the creation of one man—its director and writer George Lucas. Since 1971 the young film maker had wanted to produce a space fantasy but had encountered many problems. Originally he had wanted to make a new version of Flash Gordon but couldn't obtain the rights to the character so he went and researched the subject of space fantasy in an attempt to discover where Flash Gordon's creator, comic strip artist Alex Raymond, had received his inspiration. The trail led back through Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter on Mars series to a book called *Gulliver on Mars* written by Edwin Arnold in 1905. "This was the first story in this genre that I have been able to trace," said Lucas, "Jules Verne got pretty close, I suppose, but he never had a hero battling against space creatures or having adventures on another planet. A whole new genre developed from that idea." Lucas started working on the script for *Star Wars* in January 1973 and kept working on it until March 1976 when the actual shooting began on the film. In all he wrote four different scripts before he finally decided he had what he wanted. "It's not a film about the future," he said, "*Star Wars* is fantasy, much closer to the Brothers Grimm than it is to 2001. My main reason for making it was to give young people an honest, wholesome, fantasy life, the kind my generation had. It's made up from the flotsam and jetsam from the period when I was twelve years old. All the books and films and comics that I liked when I was a child. The plot is simple—good against evil—and the film is designed to be all the fun things and fantasy things I remember."

George Lucas began his involvement with the cinema at the University of Southern California Film School and one of his projects was a science fiction short called *THX 1138: 4EB* which subsequently won many awards. He later won a scholarship to Warner Brothers to observe the making of the film *Finian's Rainbow* which was being directed by Francis Ford Coppola, a young film maker only a few years older than Lucas himself. The two became friendly and Lucas worked as Coppola's assistant on the latter's next film *The Rain People*. Coppola had persuaded Warner Brothers to

allow him to set up his own production company, called American Zoetrope, with which he proposed to turn out high-quality, low budget features. One of these



Above: Hamill, "I felt like a raisin in a gigantic fruit salad." Below: Peter Mayhew, 7 foot plus, in thick boots and top-heavy mask, to make an 8-foot Wookiee. Right: The giant frame of Dave Prowse, plus the voice of James Earl Jones make up Darth Vader.



was *THX 1138* made in 1971, an expanded version of Lucas's prize-winning student film. The film itself, about a nightmarish world of the future where the population is ruled by ruthless technicians, computers and robots, wasn't a financial success but both critics and Hollywood film executives recognised in Lucas a major new film-making talent. Universal Studios then provided the financial backing for Lucas to make *American Graffiti*, a semi-autobiographical film based on incidents from his own adolescence, which was a financial success (Coppola, in the meantime, had his own major success with *The Godfather*). But despite the success of *Graffiti* Lucas had trouble in interesting the big Hollywood companies in *Star Wars*. First he submitted the idea to Universal but they turned it down (and how they must be kicking themselves now!) and it wasn't until 20th Century Fox bought the idea that the film began the long and complicated journey to becoming a reality on the screen.

One of the first tasks was to find suitable locations for the film. Originally it had been planned to make Luke Skywalker's home world a jungle planet and therefore the jungles of the Philippines were considered as a possibility but it was decided that shooting for months in a jungle would present too many problems so Tatooine suddenly became a desert world. The deserts of Tunisia were chosen for the location sequences and in March 1976 the *Star Wars* production unit and cast descended upon Tozeur, a small town in Southern Tunisia where North Africa and Arabia meet and the Sahara Desert begins. The construction crew worked for eight weeks to turn the desert and towns into another planet, aided by a landscape where, due to the many mirages, it was already difficult to separate real from unreal.

Most of the problems that occurred at the Tunisian locations involved the two robots, Artoo and Threepio. Artoo, the small, squat one was sometimes activated by a midget, Kenny Baker, and at other times was represented by various radio-controlled models. These latter caused the most difficulties, constantly ignoring their radio commands and running wild, but even the one with Baker inside often went out of control as he couldn't see where he was going due to the dazzling Tunisian sunlight. As for Threepio, the gold-plated robot, he was









*C-3PO: Eventually convinced, Lucas let Anthony Daniels' fussy butler voice be used, though he'd originally wanted an American accent.*

almost melted by the hot sun—an ordeal for the actor, Anthony Daniels, who was inside the suit of steel, aluminium, plastic, rubber and fibre glass. Daniels also had trouble seeing with the result that the two robots were continually bumping into each other.

Apart from the robots another important component of these desert sequences was Luke's anti-gravity car—a vehicle that appears to always be hovering in mid-air, even when stationary. For the latter shots several versions of the anti-gravity car were used. Constructed out of fibre-glass, each of these vehicles was supported from the ground in a different position—thus for a shot where the left side of the car was shown, the support would have been off-camera to the right, and vice versa when the right of the car was shown, and the same technique was used when either the back or the front of the car was shown. In one scene, where the *whole* of the car was shown, the supports were concealed by some artificial rocks at the side of the car. And in the sequences where it had to move, an entirely different vehicle was used, one which had a wheeled under-carriage. To create the illusion that the car was hovering above the ground, the under-carriage had to be matted out of each frame of film and replaced with hand-painted desert scenery beneath it. Even the moving shadow beneath the car was the work of artists.

After 2½ weeks of shooting in the heat of Tunisia the *Star Wars* cast and crew moved to England and the sound stages of Elstree Studios. It took all nine of the studios' stages to house the production as well as one at Shepperton Studios,

needed for the sequence set in the vast rebel hanger containing their squadron of rocket fighters (Shepperton has one of the biggest sound stages in Europe). Elstree was chosen because it was the only studio in England or America that could provide nine large stages simultaneously as well as make available a big group of top British film technicians.

Among the latter people who worked on the film was Director of Photography Gilbert Taylor whose previous films included the Beatles' *A Hard Days Night* and Kubrick's *Dr Strangelove*; and Production Designer John Barry who had the task of designing the many vast and incredible sets that appeared in *Star Wars*, such as the interiors of the Death Star and the weird "Sand Crawler" vehicle used by the "Jawas"—the desert scavengers—which in close-up was a full-scale construction of the lower part, including its huge caterpillar treads, and in long-shots a model only a few feet long.

Another British technician involved was John Stears who handled on the full-size special effects, such as explosions etc. He also had to build and control all the other robots seen in the film apart from Artoo and Threepio, as well as create the laser-light swords used by Luke, Kenobi and Darth Vader. These he achieved by coating revolving rods with a highly reflective material that bounces back light aimed at it with an increased intensity (similar to the material used on cinema screens).

Lucas also chose a number of British actors for his cast too, including the distinguished Sir Alec Guinness, who might seem an odd choice for a science

fiction. Nor was Sir Alec very keen on the idea at first, being of the opinion that the characters in sf films were usually all cardboard and uninteresting. But then he read the script and found himself—"... held by a certain excitement, a perfectly ordinary, straight-forward excitement. And then I met Lucas and I was very impressed. I felt a sense of sympathy with him; he is of a new breed of film maker, and the first of this breed to offer me a job. I found the script curious in places and I didn't understand it all but I found where his tastes lay and that he was indebted to



Tolkien and *The Hobbit* and that he had an interest and a sympathy in Jung. There is a little bit of the *The Lord of the Rings* in the character I am playing and I don't quite know what I am doing. But I trust George Lucas. I am not so interested in myself in the part but I am very interested in being in the film."

Other British actors in the film include Peter Cushing as the villainous Grand Moff Tarkin, and David Prowse who lurked within the black armour of the sinister Lord Darth Vader. And within the furry costume of Chewbacca, the eight



foot tall Wookiee, was Peter Mayhew, a porter at a London hospital. More than seven foot tall, he was made to appear even taller with thick boots and headgear.

For the sequence in the space-port saloon filled with alien thugs from every corner of the galaxy, the *Star Wars* casting director went to a London company called Uglies Ltd to find the necessary actors. Then make-up men Rick Baker (who worked on the recent remake of *King Kong*) and Stuart Freeborn went to work on the uglies to make them even uglier, and the result is like something

who had previously worked with Douglas Trumbull on *The Andromeda Strain* and *Silent Running*. Dykstra and his team took over a California warehouse and converted it into the ultimate special effects studio which they named "The Industrial Light and Magic Corporation". Employing as many as 75 people, Dykstra and his assistants produced 360 different effects shots in 8 months, which is quite a feat when one compares it to the 2 years it took the 2001 effects team to achieve the 35 effects shots used in that film. And when one considers that one shot involved up to

12 different image components (star backgrounds, planets, various moving space ships, laser flashes, explosions etc) all of which had to be photographed separately and then combined on one piece of film, the feat is all the more amazing. The main difference between the effects techniques used in 2001 and *Star Wars* is that for the former film its director, Stanley Kubrick, rejected the use of any automatic matting process such as the blue screen system. While an asset as far as speed is concerned, the blue screen system usually produces a blue fringe, or "matte line" around the models (because the bright blue light from the screen is slightly reflected by the edges of the model, thus making the outline look fuzzy in the completed shot). What Kubrick's effects men did was to *hand-matte* each model shot—in other words, for each frame of film showing a space ship gliding past a background of stars a hand-drawn matte in the shape of the spaceship was produced and used to block out the background of stars behind the model to prevent the stars showing through as a double-exposure when the two pieces of film were combined. This technique gets the best results but is obviously very time-consuming.

So, for *Star Wars*, Dykstra decided, despite its drawbacks, to go back to the blue screen process. The process creates automatic mattes through a complicated process—it basically involves shooting the models against the blue screen using colour film. The shot is then printed onto blue-sensitive, black and white negative film which records only the blue background, leaving the area of the models clear. When this negative is printed onto black and white positive film the reverse occurs—the models come out black on the



off the cover of an old science fiction magazine

Altogether it took fourteen and a half weeks to film the scenes with the actors in England but back in America another part of the *Star Wars* unit was frantically at work on sequences that would take eight months to complete—these were the vitally important scenes involving the model spaceships which provide *Star Wars* with so much of its incredible visual impact.

Supervising the model photography was John Dykstra, a young effects man



Above left: Full-size X-wing fighters were made for this scene in the rebel planet spacecraft hanger. Above: Solo's battle-worn fighter, *The Millenium Falcon*. Another full size ship on a glorious set.





*Above: A Tuscan Raider atop a heavily disguised elephant. Below: Another Tatooine native, a Jawa, by a salvaged worn-out robot.*

film and the blue area is left clear. This is the "travelling" matte, and when put in an optical printer with the original colour footage of the models, together with the separately photographed background of stars, enables the two to be combined—performing the same function as the hand-drawn mattes described above. (A "matte" is anything that is used to block out one section of an image so that the remainder can be combined on film with part of another image or scene.)

Dykstra's main improvement to the blue screen system was to cut down the risk of the model reflecting any blue light itself by using only part of the screen—in the immediate area surrounding the model—and blocking out the remainder. This resulted in a clear, sharp outline around the models without any of the usual blue fuzziness, thus he achieved a realism equal to that in 2001 but much more quickly. He also improved the quality of the model shots by using an old VistaVision camera, which differs from a conventional movie



camera in that the film runs through it horizontally, not vertically—which means more of the film surface catches more light and therefore the images of the models were much brighter and sharper than they would have normally been.

Another innovation of Dykstra's was to link his effects camera up with a computer system. As a rule a camera being used for any composite work has to be kept as motionless as possible to prevent any "jiggling" in the final scene, and this naturally limits the way in which models can be shot (in 2001 all the models were filmed from a fixed camera position with the result that all the shots were fairly static). But the computer enabled Dykstra's camera to match its previous positions and movements *exactly* each time a various image component was being recorded for a single shot. For instance, say the shot involved two space ships hurtling past a planet and firing their lasers at each other—well, the camera would have to record at least five separate scenes to get



that one shot; first the background of stars, then the planet, then one space ship, then the next space ship, then the laser flashes; all of which would have to be synchronised perfectly in the final combined shot. To ensure this normally the camera would have been fixed in the same position, but in filming *Star Wars* the

moving parts such as rotating antennas and articulated wings. Over 300 model kits were cannibalized by Dykstra's team, with the result that bits and pieces from WW2 tanks and planes ended up becoming parts of futuristic space ships. For the models that had to be exploded plastic moulds of the ships filled with foam were used. Foam



Filming the sequence shown on page 19 of this issue, as Solo, Chewbacca and Skywalker appear, the vanquishing heroes.

camera could be moved too, because the computer could always duplicate the same movements exactly again and again when filming each different component of the shot. This movement added greatly to the realism and excitement of the space battles because it enabled the camera to become a part of the action, creating the impression that it was all being filmed from another spaceship instead of from some fixed point in space.

Interestingly, the space battles were based on footage from old World War 2 aerial dogfights which came from various war movies. This was used to establish the size and speed of the various space-ships and their relative positions in each shot. Over seventy five model space ships were constructed for the film, all of which were extremely complicated—containing miniature lighting systems to provide illumination for the cockpits, engine effects and laser flashes, and some of the models had

was chosen because it shattered easily and allowed the use of much smaller, slower-burning explosive charges, thus increasing the realism of the miniaturised destruction.

The biggest miniature of all in *Star Wars* was the huge section of part of the Death Star's surface where the climatic battle takes place between the rebel fighters and Darth Vader's Imperial interceptors—it consisted of 1,600 square feet of highly detailed architecture, all of which was moulded out of foam.

The amount of skill, expertise and sheer genius that went into the making of the film is truly impressive. The people involved represent the top, young film-making talents of both America and England and its no wonder that the film is a technical masterpiece. The big question now is—where does George Lucas go from here? Like Orson Welles with his classic *Citizen Kane* Lucas is going to find it very difficult to top *Star Wars*.

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## FANTASTIC FILMBOOKS

The following is a selection of fantasy books available. All prices include postage and strong packaging. Outside UK: Add 10% to total for postage costs. Author's name given in brackets.

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**FANTASTIC TELEVISION** (Gerani) Pictorial history of sci-fi. Includes *Prisoner*, 1999, *Twilight Zone*, *Captain Video*, *Star Trek*, etc. Details and synopses of all episodes. Over 350 photos; 11 x 8½"; 192 pages. £4.50

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# STAR TREK

Continued from page 9

psychologically tortured, although Oswald was no stranger to the *genre*, having directed many of the finest of *Outer Limits*.

But perhaps *James Goldstone* and *Joseph Sargent* are the directors most likely to mean much to broad critical circles, for both have now moved out of TV and into big screen features, reversing the progress of Pevney and Oswald, and joining such luminaries as John Frankenheimer, Sidney Lumet, Steven Spielberg and Sam Peckinpah who have used TV as a training ground for their talents.

Goldstone's two contributions are *Where No Man Has Gone Before* (the second pilot) and *What are Little Girls Made Of?* The first is a key segment, not only because it was ultimately the touchstone by which network chiefs decided to give *Star Trek* the gun. For here, working with writer Samuel Peeples (himself a movie-buff and a regular contributor to the indispensable "*Films in Review*") Goldstone was responsible for fleshing out the Roddenberry characters, and delineating the world of the 'Enterprise' and its basic *modus operandi*. His basic seriousness of purpose and intelligence thus gave the embryonic *Star Trek* a vital quality which was to make visible Roddenberry's ultimate ambitions for the series while the narrative—involving a 2001-like transformation of an officer (Gary Lockwood) into an awesome celestial "divinity", ideally demonstrated the series intellectual and metaphysical pretensions. *What are Little Girls Made Of?* however, with another teleplay by Robert Bloch, seems both untypical of the series and almost banal in its presentation of female androids.

*Joseph Sargent*, a muscular and extremely talented small-screen director reminiscent of the late Anthony Mann in his handling of location and big, primal emotions, is a veteran of series as diverse as *The Invaders* and *Gunsmoke*, *The Great Adventure* and *Garrison's Gorillas*. His punchy, aggressive style was well-suited to *The Taking of Pelham 123* (although illogicalities in the screenplay suggested that Sargent's TV training had blunted, rather than sharpened his formal awareness), and ensured further progress to the blockbuster level with *MacArthur*. His contribution to *Star Trek* was *The Corbomite Maneuver* segment, written by *Jerry Sohl*, another well-known specialist in fantasy. One of the "don't believe what your eyes see" variants, it begins with battle stations as an unidentified craft is discovered on a collision course with the 'Enterprise', graduates into a duel of wits between Kirk and the enemy commander, whose monstrous face is a powerfully threatening image on the video-screen. And yet, in a twist which is still affecting, it transpires that this "monster" is in reality, little Clint Howard (whom



Scotty (James Doohan) is literally 'fried' as his master control panel in the USS Enterprise's engineering section overloads.

juvenalia junkies will recall was *Gentle Ben's* buddy). Thus force and power—or the illusion of them—are conquered by wit, intelligence and understanding in a segment which is nevertheless thrilling and suspenseful.

As a footnote, and a contribution to trivia-time, William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy had worked under Sargent's direction two years earlier, when both were featured in *The Project Strigas Affair* segment of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*

To younger Trekkies, and those more fan-orientated, the *Star Trek* phenomenon is credited to the stars, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy et al. Obviously, the success of the series would have never been as great had the emphasis on human judgement (and its fallibility) not been a prime directive, had not each crew member been characterised with quirks and fantasies, had the ultimate team not gelled together so well.

Yet the overall concept of non-stereotyped heroes, possessing no super powers but merely ordinary human characteristics, can be found in some classic science-fiction films, while the 'Enterprise' concept also has a direct ancestry in the movies.

Let us take, for example, Howard Hawks' *The Thing From Another World* (1951). The setting here is a desolate, virtually unknown region (a remote Arctic base) containing three factions; the military element, the scientific element, and *The Thing* itself. There is a three-way conflict throughout; military directness vs scientific research vs hostile alien intruder. It is

basically the play-off against each faction that makes up *The Thing* as a whole.

The *Star Trek* elements were much more cohesive. The military sense had consumed the scientific sense, allowing it to approach the "unknown" with a fair and decisive quota of each. Still, the basic human characteristics crept through in *Star Trek* and worked against each other. The Mr. Spock character usually had to resolve the situation by acting as umpire to the emotions of the humans.

The Hawks picture featured (from the military standpoint) Kenneth Tobey's Captain Hendry, not one of the most perfect of heroes ever seen on the screen. He is not the best of pilots, having initially crashed his plane; he fails to ignite the love-interest provided him; is completely ignorant when it comes to science and its importance and he succeeds in destroying by accident a part of his objective (the alien saucer). These average elements as a fully functioning human being actually endear him to the audience.

Kirk is pretty much the same man in his own capacity; he is psychologically "married" to his ship, is inclined to see things from a military standpoint, and has difficulty making decisions. However, with Kirk the scientific aspects are inherent, though this side is usually unearthed by the Spock character. The scientific element in *The Thing* was personified by Robert Cornthwaite's Dr. Carrington, an eager, benevolently inquisitive character who is constantly at loggerheads with the rest of the characters. Dr. Carrington is something of



a composite of Spock and Dr. McCoy; he has the curiosity of Spock and the jealous passions of McCoy. Unfortunately Carrington lacks the logic of the Vulcan, forcing him against the grain of Hendry's military logic—very much the way Kirk and McCoy were never really able to see “eye-to-eye”.

It is Captain Hendry's group that come closest to the ‘Enterprise’ crew of regular players, aiding and respecting each other at all times throughout the proceedings. When this group defeat the alien and save civilisation it parallels quite strongly with Kirk et al saving a segment of the galaxy from war-like invaders or a corrupt culture. Hawks’ film was authentic by its use of realistic overlapping dialogue; Roddenberry's series was realistic in many ways, but mainly through the familiar (and consistent) human flaws of the regular cast of characters.

The whole of the 1956 feature film *Forbidden Planet* could be an episode of *Star Trek*—excepting only the movie's impressive and lavish wide-screen special effects. For the movie, the audience is expected to accept the whole venture, along with the jargon and gadgetry, as merely a routine mission to check an outpost planet. Incidents occur only when the wayward influence of a bygone alien culture is revived, by way of Morbius's *Id*.

*Forbidden Planet*'s belief in itself, particularly Leslie Nielsen's ship and crew, is somewhat lacking. Because of the 1950s obsession with UFOs, Nielsen's spacecraft is designed after a “flying saucer”. The crewmen, unfortunately, are straight out of a Hollywood war movie; the wise-cracking, woman-hungry collection of G.I. Joes.

The plot structure of *Forbidden Planet* may be akin to second season *Star Trek* but the ingredients belong strictly to something like *Sands of Iwo Jima* or *Guadalcanal Diary*. The script could alternatively have told of an American WWII warship sent on a mission to rescue an important person from a Jap-held South Pacific island. However, *Forbidden Planet*'s Morbius, the “Krell” and the *Id* are definitely interesting factors—and one wonders how *would* Kirk and company have handled the situation? One thing is sure, the strong military implications wouldn't have been allowed.

Nevertheless, *Star Trek* has been criticized, by David Gerrold among others, for generally following contemporary (1966) political and moral lines, rather than objectively challenging them or truly coming to imaginative terms with “probable realities” of the future. As Gerrold puts the point:—

“In 1966, when *Star Trek* first came on the air, Lyndon Baines Johnson was President; it was a time when the Vietnam ‘adventure’ was at the core of the American dilemma—were we supposed to be the world's policemen or not?”

“As far as *Star Trek* was concerned, we were—because *Star Trek* was the galaxy's policeman. By implication, that ratified and justified the American presence in everyone else's culture.

“The mistake was that the ‘Enterprise’ was a cosmic meddler. Her attitudes were those of 20th Century America—and so her mission was (seemingly) to spread truth, justice and the American way to the far corners of the universe.”

“*Star Trek* missed the opportunity to



Dr “Bones” McCoy (DeForest Kelley) stands pensive, following a briefing session aboard the USS Enterprise.

question this attitude. . . .”

Gerrold then proceeds to list the example of fifteen segments which *cumulatively* construct “straw men—or straw cultures actually—for Kirk to knock down”, thus demonstrating that the American way is better.

Undoubtedly, Gerrold's points are extremely valid—though they smack of post-Vietnam, post-Watergate hindsight, and ignore the fact that all establishment art, and most popular art, *is* of its time. The radical, the underground, the overtly challenging *may* become the norm of future generations, but is generally snubbed, ignored or persecuted in its own time (e.g. The Impressionist painters, Stravinsky's music). On this basis, it is totally unlikely that any American network—especially one which, remember, didn't much like the series anyway—would have permitted radical challenges to “The American way”, while the ex-member of the LAPD, now metamorphosed into the Great Bird of the Galaxy, presumably *believed* in “The American Way”.

While it is a condition of man to wish his own beliefs and prejudices onto others, it is the duty of thinking man to develop an overall understanding of the *difference* in others. As Sam Peckinpah once said, “It was more important for me to understand than to be understood”.

And, on balance, one's own feelings when first exposed to the world of *Star Trek* a decade ago were those of amazement and delight that a series had its heart in the concept of a broad “galactic” brotherhood and generally espoused the best principles of humanism which, ultimately, are far more important than the ever-shifting attitudes of political “realism”. Gerrold's points are indeed valid, but one might restructure the argument. “The American way”—in cultural and dramatic





terms—is based on age-old principles of virtue, courage, decency, heroism, etc., which lie at the heart of man's earliest fables, myths and dramas. Each generation rewrites these fables in the light of its own comprehension of itself and the meaning of the myths. Thus, "The American way" is life attempting to become art, rather than the other way around.

For, the decisions Kirk is faced with are arrived at in the light of these principles. It *does* seem better for the planets in *Taste of Armageddon* who wage computer-based war should be forced "to recognise the horror of their waste-based society". That, in *This Side of Paradise*, the point questioned is "whether humans could exist in total stagnation with no creativity, no growth, no exercise of mind or talent of any kind". That the argument in *Who Mourns for Adonais?* is that "it is time for the human race to give up its old myths". These emerge as genuinely moral, philosophical decisions, rather than "political" or conservative ones.

And too, blessed as we all are with a basic intelligence when faced with well-presented drama, emotional and rational responses are many-hued. Audiences can participate in the "debate" presented to them, and even arrive at Gerrold's conclusions, without feeling that they invalidate the central core of the dramatic presentation.

Indeed, the mere fact that such a "debate" even began could be interpreted as part of the *Star Trek* phenomenon.

"Space, the final frontier. These are

the voyages of the starship 'Enterprise', her five year mission to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilisation, to boldly go where no man has gone before."

Gene Roddenberry summed up the creative value of the *Star Trek* phenomenon:

"I think the experience taught NBC something. I think it taught them that it's not so much the concept in the long run—it's the people who are doing it. And I think that TV in general is beginning to learn that."

Our rundown of these people, and this initial attempt to identify responsibility and achievement has, of necessity, been cursory and arrived at without the luxury of re-screening the three thousand nine hundred and fifty hours of the *Star Trek* voyages. Our hope is that this type of analysis might however open up a more detailed and closely argued critical direction, can help to redefine an attitude to TV based on the individual creative contributions made to series and segments—that, in short, like the network, audiences will come to realise that "in the long run it's the people who are doing it".

But—what of the phenomenon?

Compared to the best of *Outer Limits* and *Twilight Zone*, perhaps *Star Trek* never really went "where no man had gone before". But in those other classic science-fiction series, each segment was a separate entity, thereby allowing the writers greater scope with character and incident. *Star Trek's* concept as a "Wagon Train to the



A transporter room scene, about to roll. From "The Motion Picture" penned by

Stars" depended on audience identification with its regular cast members—and having to keep them alive at the end of each segment. Having to mould a story around them and the pre-existing world of the 'Enterprise' naturally imposed severe disciplines on the writers. Richard Matheson, although admitting "I'm more at home with an anthology format and don't like to be given a set of characters like *The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.* or the *Star Trek* people or whatever" was still unhappy by the way *The Enemy Within* was changed after he



Uhuru (Nichelle Nichols) menaces one of the amazonian opponents in *Star Trek's* first show of its third season, "Spock's Brain".





*Enemy Within*", the fifth *Star Trek* episode, Richard Matheson.

wrote it. "I do the best I can, and things should be done the way I write them. The proof is that when scripts are filmed precisely as I wrote them, they are almost always not moderately successful but *very* successful". However, he also admits "I'm not a science-fiction buff anyway"—and admirers that are, as we have seen, believe *The Enemy Within* to be one of the finest segments of the series. Maybe it just would have been *the* finest had no changes been made.

The case of Theodore Sturgeon is differ-

ent, for he is not, like Matheson, a professional screenwriter, and is more at home with publishers than producers. His script for *Shore Leave* needed many changes, for budgetary reasons, and rewrites were done while filming was in progress. Yet the intention at all times was to remain *faithful* to Sturgeon's vision. (He was unavailable to make the changes himself.) Philip Jose Farmer, one of the most unique of contemporary writers, has been eulogised by Leslie Fiedler as having "an imagination capable of being kindled by the irredeemable mystery of the universe and of the soul, and (is) in turn able to kindle the imagination of others"—but was one of the writers who did *not* get work accepted by *Star Trek*. He explains that his treatment was rejected on the grounds of the expense it would take to make it. His comment "when I think of what happened to so many of the scripts in that series, I am grateful to the producer" sums up many purists' attitudes to *Star Trek*. He rewrote the treatment and published it as "*The Shadow of Space*"—and it is fascinating to mentally rewrite it *back* and imagine Kirk et al grappling with the extraordinary situation depicted. In such a way perhaps *Star Trek* might truly have gone where no man had gone before. . . .

Yet science-fiction until recently has *always* had problems (usually financial ones) in being transferred to the screen. Out of the vast-numbers of sci-fi movies from the boom years of the 1950s, perhaps only *The Thing*, *War of the Worlds*, *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, *The Incredible*

*Shrinking Man*, *Forbidden Planet*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and *Quatermass 1* and *2* have true masterpiece qualities and enduring value (although literature-purists would disagree). Now, with *Star Wars* ushering in what may be a new boom time, we can see that *Star Trek* actually stands at an utterly vital transition point between the two periods, has indeed been instrumental in *causing* a new boom.

The level of ideas expressed within its overall concept was infinitely more sophisticated and challenging than the majority of the '50s films—one of the plusses of the series format being that, once the series exists, there is a relatively large area of freedom of expression. Thus *Star Trek* made sci-fi—and some of its greatest exponents—accessible to a vast audience, whetting the appetite both for more and for better. Beyond the mere fan level—collecting trivia about the stars, the makeup, the hardware etc—the importance of the show was its immense influence. It is no understatement to call it a watershed. For, paralleling the series' development, sci-fi was establishing itself as "*the*" literature of our time. While Sunday literary supplements and literature-orientated academics search among the groves of academe for the new Tolstoy or Fitzgerald, the public—the readers, the audience—were finding out for themselves that the only true literary form worthy of their attention was—*fantasy*, speculative fiction, sci-fi, whichever label you want to use. Philip Jose Farmer, Harlan Ellison, Dean Koontz, Barry Maltzberg and their colleagues and contempor-



A group shot of Bones, Kirk and Scotty (Kelley, Shatner and Doohan) looking puzzled over an off-screen event.



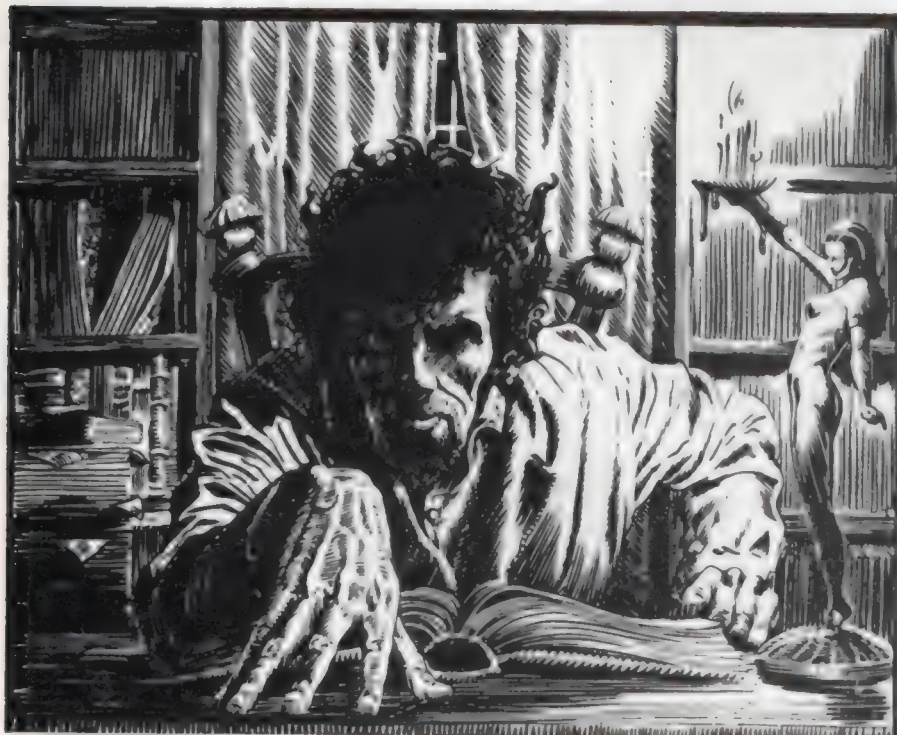
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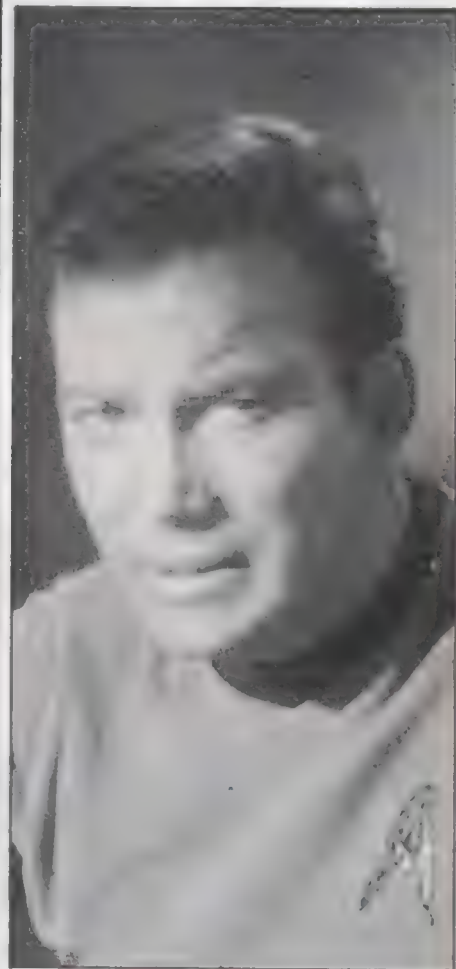
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aries were not only reworking a played out mine, but were *reinventing* literature. Corporately *they* are Shakespeare, *they* are Dickens, *they* are the great popular writers of our time—and as such are bound to be ignored if not despised by academic critics—if only because their books come out in cheap paperbacks with lurid titles and covers. But the beauty of Sturgeon, the frenzy and compassion of Ellison, the mind-warps of Farmer and the paranoia of Matheson are the realities of 'now'.



William Shatner; As James T. Kirk, he portrayed the Horatio Hornblower of the future, a typecast image he's still trying to overcome.

Star Trek, granted its obvious cop-outs, even granted a lack of radical far-left philosophy, proved that TV could play fair with sci-fi—*fairer* than movies had ever done consistently.

So, for three years (the last year made possible by over a million viewers protesting the rumour of cancellation) a glimpse of endless worlds of fantasy, and for many of the audience exposure to concepts and ideas only dreamed or sensed hitherto, became a weekly reality.

To open up these worlds, to present these concepts, was achievement in itself. To do it so honestly, so sincerely, and with such flair and dedication—that's the success of The Great Bird and his Brood; *that's* the Star Trek phenomenon.



# The Writers of STAR TREK Episode Guide

A Norway Production for Paramount Television/NBC Network 1966-69.

*"The Cage"* (1st pilot, filmed December, 1964) Dir: Robert Butler. Teleplay: Gene Roddenberry. Cast: Jeffrey Hunter, Majel Barrett, Leonard Nimoy, Peter Duryea, John Hoyt, Laurel Goodwin, Susan Oliver, Ed Madden.

*First Season:*

*"The Man Trap"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: George C. Johnson. Regular Cast: William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei, James Doohan, Majel Barrett, Grace Lee Whitney. Guests: Jeanne Bal, Alfred Ryder, Bruce Watson.

*"Charlie X"* Dir: Lawrence Dobkin. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana, Gene Roddenberry. Regulars: Guests: Robert Walker Jr, Abraham Sofaer.

*"Where No Man Has Gone Before"* Dir: James Goldstone. Teleplay: Samuel Peeples. Regulars: Guests: Gary Lockwood, Sally Kellerman, Paul Carr, Paul Fix, Lloyd Haynes, Andrea Dromm.

*"The Naked Time"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: John D. F. Black. Regulars: Guests: Bruce Hyde, William Knight, Stewart Moss, John Bellah.

*"The Enemy Within"* Dir: Leo Penn. Teleplay: Richard Matheson. Regulars: Guests: Jim Goodwin, Edward Madden, Garland Thompson.

*"Mudd's Women"* Dir: Harvey Hart. Teleplay: Stephen Kandel, from a story by Gene Roddenberry. Regulars: Guests: Roger C. Carmel, Karen Steele, Susan Denberg, Maggie Thrett, Gene Dynarski, Jim Goodwin, Jon Kowal, Seamon Glass.

*"What Are Little Girls Made Of?"* Dir: James Goldstone. Teleplay: Robert Bloch. Regulars: Guests: Michael Strong, Sherry Jackson, Ted Cassidy, Harry Basch, Vince Deadrick, Budd Albright.

*"Miri"* Dir: Vincent McEveety. Teleplay: Adrian Spies. Regulars: Guests: Kim Darby, Michael J. Pollard, Jim Goodwin, John Megna, Ed McCready, Kelly Flanagan, Steven McEveety, David L. Ross, Keith Taylor.

*"Dagger of the Mind"* Dir: Vincent McEveety. Teleplay: Simon Wincelberg (aka S. Bar David). Regulars: Guests: James Gregory, Morgan Woodward, Marianna Hill, Suzanne Wasson, Larry Anthony, John Arndt, Eli Bahar, Ed McCready.

*"The Corbomite Maneuver"* Dir: Joseph Sargent. Teleplay: Jerry Sohl. Regulars: Guests: Anthony Hall, Clint Howard.

*"The Menagerie" (Part 1)* Dir: Marc Daniels (Robert Butler directed footage from "The Cage"). Teleplay: Gene Roddenberry.

Regulars. Guests: Jeffrey Hunter, Susan Oliver, Malachi Throne, Julie Parrish, Hagan Beggs, Peter Duryea, John Hoyt, M. Leigh Hudec, Sean Kenney, Adam Roark.

*"The Menagerie" (Part 2)* Dir: Marc Daniels (and Robert Butler). Teleplay: Gene Roddenberry. Regulars: Guests: Jeffrey Hunter, Susan Oliver, Malachi Throne, Hagan Beggs, Peter Duryea, Meg Wylie, John Hoyt, Majel Barrett, Laurel Goodwin, M. Leigh Hudec, Sean Kenney, Adam Roark.

*"The Conscience of the King"* Dir: Gerd Oswald. Teleplay: Barry Trivers. Regulars: Guests: Arnold Moss, Barbara Anderson, Bruce Hyde, Eddie Paskey, Marc Adams, Karl Brick, Natalie Norwick, William Sargent, David Troy.

*"Balance of Terror"* Dir: Vincent McEveety. Teleplay: Paul Schneider. Regulars: Guests: Mark Lenard, Paul Comi, Lawrence Montaigne, John Warburton, Stephen Mines, Barbara Baldwin, Garry Walberg.

*"Shore Leave"* Dir: Robert Sparr. Teleplay: Theodore Sturgeon. Regulars: Guests: Emily Banks, Oliver McGowan, Perry Lopez, Bruce Mars, James Gruzaf, Shirley Bonne, Sebastian Tom, Barbara Baldwin, Marcia Brown.

*"The Galileo Seven"* Dir: Robert Gist. Teleplay: Oliver Crawford and S. Bar David, from a story by Oliver Crawford. Regulars: Guests: Don Marshall, Peter Marko, Rees Vaughan, Grant Woods, Phyllis Douglas, John Crawford, Buck Maffei, David L. Ross.

*"The Squire of Gothos"* Dir: Donald McDougall. Teleplay: Paul Schneider. Regulars: Guests: William Campbell, Richard Carlyle, Michael Barrier, Venita Wolf.

*"Arena"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Gene L. Coon, from a story by Fredric Brown. Regulars: Guests: Carole Shelyne, Jerry Ayres, Grant Woods, Tom Troupe, James Farley, Sean Kenney.

*"Tomorrow is Yesterday"* Dir: Michael O'Herlihy. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana. Regulars: Guests: Roger Perry, Hal Lynch, Ed Peck, Richard Merrifield, John Winston, Mark Dempsey, Jim Spencer, Sherri Townsend.

*"Court Martial"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Don. M. Mankiewicz and Stephen W. Carabatsos, from a story by Mankiewicz. Regulars: Guests: Percy Rodriguez, Elisha Cook Jr, Joan Marshall, Richard Webb, Alice Rawlings, Hagan Beggs, Winston De-Lugo, Bart Conrad, Reginald Lalsingh, William Meader, Nancy Wong.

*"Return of the Archons"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Boris Sobelman, from a story by Gene Roddenberry. Regulars: Guests: Harry Townes, Torin Thatcher, Charles Macauley, Christopher Held, Brioni Farrell, Sid Haig,

Jon Lormer, Morgan Farley, Ralph Maurer, Eddie Paskey, David L. Ross, Sean Morgan.

*"Space Seed"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Gene L. Coon and Carey Wilbur. Regulars: Guests: Ricardo Montalban, Madlyn Rhue, Blaisdell Makee, Mark Tobin, Kathy Ahart, John Winston.

*"A Taste of Armageddon"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Robert Hamner and Gene L. Coon, from a story by Hamner. Regulars: Guests: Gene Lyons, David Opatoshu, Robert Sampson, Barbara Babcock, Miko Mayama, David L. Ross, Sean Kenney.

*"This Side of Paradise"* Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana, from a story by Nathan Butler and D. C. Fontana. Regulars: Guests: Jill Ireland, Frank Overton, Grant Woods, Dick Scotter, Michael Barrier, Eddie Paskey.

*"The Devil in the Dark"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Gene L. Coon. Regulars: Guests: Ken Lynch, Janos Prohaska, Barry Russo, Brad Weston, Biff Elliott, George E. Allen, John Cavett.

*"Errand of Mercy"* Dir: John Newland. Teleplay: Gene L. Coon. Regulars: Guests: John Abbott, John Colicos, Peter Brocco, Victor Lundin, David Hillary Hughes, Walt Davis, George Sawaya.

*"The Alternative Factor"* Dir: Gerd Oswald. Teleplay: Don Ingalls. Regulars: Guests: Robert Brown, Janet MacLachlen, Richard Derr, Eddie Paskey, Christian Patrick, Arch Whiting.

*"City on the Edge of Forever"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Harlan Ellison. Regulars: Guests: Joan Collins, Bartell LaRue, John Harmon, Hal Baylor, David L. Ross, John Winston.

*"Operation Annihilate!"* Dir: Herschel Daugherty. Teleplay: Stephen W. Carabatsos. Regulars: Guests: Dave Armstrong, Craig Hundley, Joan Swift, Maurishka (Taliferro), Fred Carson, Jerry Catron.

*Second Season:*

*"Amok Time"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Theodore Sturgeon. Regular Cast: William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, George Takei, Nichelle Nichols, Majel Barrett, Walter Koenig. Guests: Arlene Martel, Celia Lovsky, Lawrence Montaigne, Byron Morrow.

*"Who Mourns for Adonais?"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Gilbert Ralston & Gene L. Coon, from a story by Ralston. Regulars: Guests: Michael Forest, Leslie Parrish, John Winston.

*"The Changeling"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: John Meredyth Lucas. Regulars: Guests:



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The following is a list of some of the fantasy film magazines and books available from us. For our full catalogue, send a large stamped addressed envelope. All prices include postage and packing.

**TV SCI-FI** Nos. 1 to 9. Giant size, glossy 16½ x 11½" magazine. 8 full colour pages. 16 pages per issue on Star Trek, Dr Who, 1999, S6m Man, etc. All issue feature posters and pin-ups from TV shows. @ 50p each

**STARLOG** No. 8 features 68 pages on Star Trek, Star Wars, Special Effects in detail, Harlan Ellison interview, The Fly photo review, etc. . . . 30 pages in full colour. £1.10

No. 9 (as issue 8, but more pages on Star Wars). £1.35

**STAR WARS POSTER MAG** 16 pages, colour throughout. Huge poster of C-3PO and R2-D2. Facts on heroes/villains of film. £0.45

**ENTERPRISE INCIDENTS** Nos. 1 & 2 The Star Trek magazine, imported from America, features, interviews, effects, over 60 photos per issue. Little seen rare back issues. @ £1.85 each

**MEDIA SPOTLIGHT** No. 1: Newspaper format, features Roddenberry on Star Trek Movie; biography of Leonard (Mr. Spock) Nimoy. Full issue devoted to Star Trek. @ 90p

No. 2 (Star Trek, Logan's Run), 3 (Roddenberry, Aliens, Trek), 4 (Trek, 1999, Bionic Woman, Forbidden Planet, Lord of Rings, Fantastic Journey), 5 (Trek, Godzilla, Shazam, Sinbad, STAR WARS, Trek, Perry Rhodan, Logan's Run) . . . all 52 pages, magazine format. @ 90p

**DOCTOR WHO MONSTER BOOK** 64 pages - poster (colour), card covers, highly informative on series from first episode. Magazine size. @ 65p

**2nd DOCTOR WHO MONSTER BOOK** 68 pages, latest adventures and creatures. 80p

**WORLD OF HORROR** Now finished British horror mag, 68 pages, some in colour. all @ 45p each

- 1 (Chaney, Christopher Lee, Japanese Horror, Apes, Zombies).
- 2 (7 Golden Vampires, Lee, Golden Voyage Sinbad, Kong, Karloff).
- 3 (Lee, Lugosi, Dr Who, Jack the Ripper, Frankenstein, Palance Dracula).
- 4 (Dr Who, Star Trek, Mexican Horror, The Ghoul, Ringo Starr's monster).
- 5 (Star Trek, Apes, Cushing, Blood Sisters, Fantastic Planet, Mutations).
- 6 (Dr Who, Chaney, Phibes, Rollerball, Young Frank, Rosemary's Baby).
- 7 (Dr Who, Price, 1999, Flesh Gordon, Phantom of Paradise, Werewolf).
- 8 (Dr Who, It's Alive, Ingrid Pitt, Chaney Jr., Tommy, Blood for Dracula).
- 9 (Cushing, Dr Who, Homebodies, Barbara Steele).

**FAMOUS MONSTERS STAR WARS SPECIAL** 64 pages packed with information and photos from the film, edited by Forrest J. Ackerman. @ £1.50

**STAR WARS PAPERBACK** The story of the film, by George Lucas, plus 16 pages of full colour photographs. 190 pages. £1.10

**HOUSE OF HAMMER** 52 pages in each, features, interviews, comic strips on all horror film companies, but mainly Hammer Films. All at 45p each

- 1 (Dracula—1958 strip, Kronos, Lee feature and complete filmography).
- 2 (Curse of Frankenstein strip, Dark Star review, Italy, 1930s horror).
- 7 (Twins of Evil, Omen, Karloff, Cushing, female vampires).
- 8 (Quatermass Experiment, Hammer sci-fi, Kong, Jekyll and Hyde).
- 9 (Quatermass, Carrie, Apes, Seizure, Squirm, De Palma interview).
- 10 (Curse of the Werewolf comic strip, Sentinel, Close Encounters).
- 11 (Gorgon strip, Harryhausen, Zoltan, Wizards, Sinbad, Burnt Offerings).
- 12 (Heretic, Witchfinder General, Welcome to Blood City, Frankenstein).
- 13 (Plague of Zombies, Star Wars, People That Time Forgot, Uncanny).
- 14 (Million Years BC comic strip, Dinosaur films, Ruby, Orca, Martin).
- 15 (Mummy's Shroud strip, Dr Moreau, Blue Sunshine, Frankenstein).
- 16 (Special Star Wars issue, plus Saul Bass on Psycho, Rabid, Star Wars poster).
- 17 (Vampire Circus strip, Harryhausen sketches, Freaks, Mutations).

**MAKING OF STAR TREK** Paper back, 416 pages, photos throughout. £1.30

**WORLD OF STAR TREK** Paperback, 64 pages of photos, 278 pages. £1.10

**CINEFANTASTIQUE** Top American fantasy film magazine, 8 pages colour.

Latest issue—Vol. 6, No. 1: Carrie, Demon Seed, Land of the Lost, De Palma interview, etc. £1.60  
All back issues available, send for list.

We also stock all the Dr Who, Star Trek, Space 1999 adventures in paperback, send s.a.e. for our full catalogue.

MAYA MERCHANDISING, 52 Roydene Road, Plumstead, London SE18

Blaisdell Makee, Vic Perrin, Arnold Lessing, Barbara Gates, Meade Martin.

"Mirror, Mirror" Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Jerome Bixby. Regulars. Guests: Barbara Luna, Vic Perrin, Pete Kellett, Garth Pillsbury, John Winston.

"The Apple" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Max Ehrlich. Regulars. Guests: Keith Andes, Celeste Yarnall, Jay Jones, Shari Nims, David Soul, Jerry Daniels, Mai Friedman, John Winston.

"The Doomsday Machine" Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Norman Spinrad. Regulars. Guests: William Windom, Elizabeth Rogers, John Copage, Richard Compton, John Winston, Tim Burns, Jerry Catron.

"Catspaw" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Robert Bloch & D.C. Fontana. Regulars. Guests: Antionette Bowers, Theo Marcus, Michael Barrier, Jimmy Jones, Gail Bonney, Rhodie Cogan, Maryesther Denver, John Winston.

"I, Mudd" Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Stephen Kandel. Regulars. Guests: Roger C. Carmel, Richard Tatro, Mike Howden, Michael Zaslow, Kay Elliott, Rhae & Alice Andree, Tom & Ted LeGarde, Maureen & Collen Thornton, Tamara & Starr Wilson.

"Metamorphosis" Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: Gene L. Coon. Regulars. Guests: Glenn Corbett, Elinor Donahue.

"Journey to Babel" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana. Regulars. Guests: Jane Wyatt, Mark Lenard, William O'Connell, Reggie Nalder, John Wheeler, James X. Mitchell.

"The Deadly Years" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: David P. Harmon. Regulars. Guests: Charles Drake, Sarah Marshall, Beverly Washburn, Felix Locker, Carolyn Nelson, Laura Wood.

"Obsession" Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: Art Wallace. Regulars. Guests: Stephen Brooks, Jerry Ayres.

"Wolf in the Fold" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Robert Bloch. Regulars. Guests: John Fiedler, Charles Macaulay, Pilar Seurat, Joseph Bernard, Charles Dierkop, Judy McConnell, Virginia Ladbidge, Judy Sherven, Tania Lemani, John Winston.

"The Trouble With Tribbles" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: David Gerrold. Regulars. Guests: William Schallert, William Campbell, Stanley Adams, Whit Bissell, Michael Pataki, Charlie Brill, Ed Reimers, Guy Raymond, Paul Bradley, David L. Ross.

"The Gamemasters of Triskelion" Dir: Gene Nelson. Teleplay: Margaret Armen. Regulars. Guests: John Ruskin, Angelique Pettyjohn, Steve Sandor, Jane Ross, Victoria George, Mickey Morton, Dick Crockett.

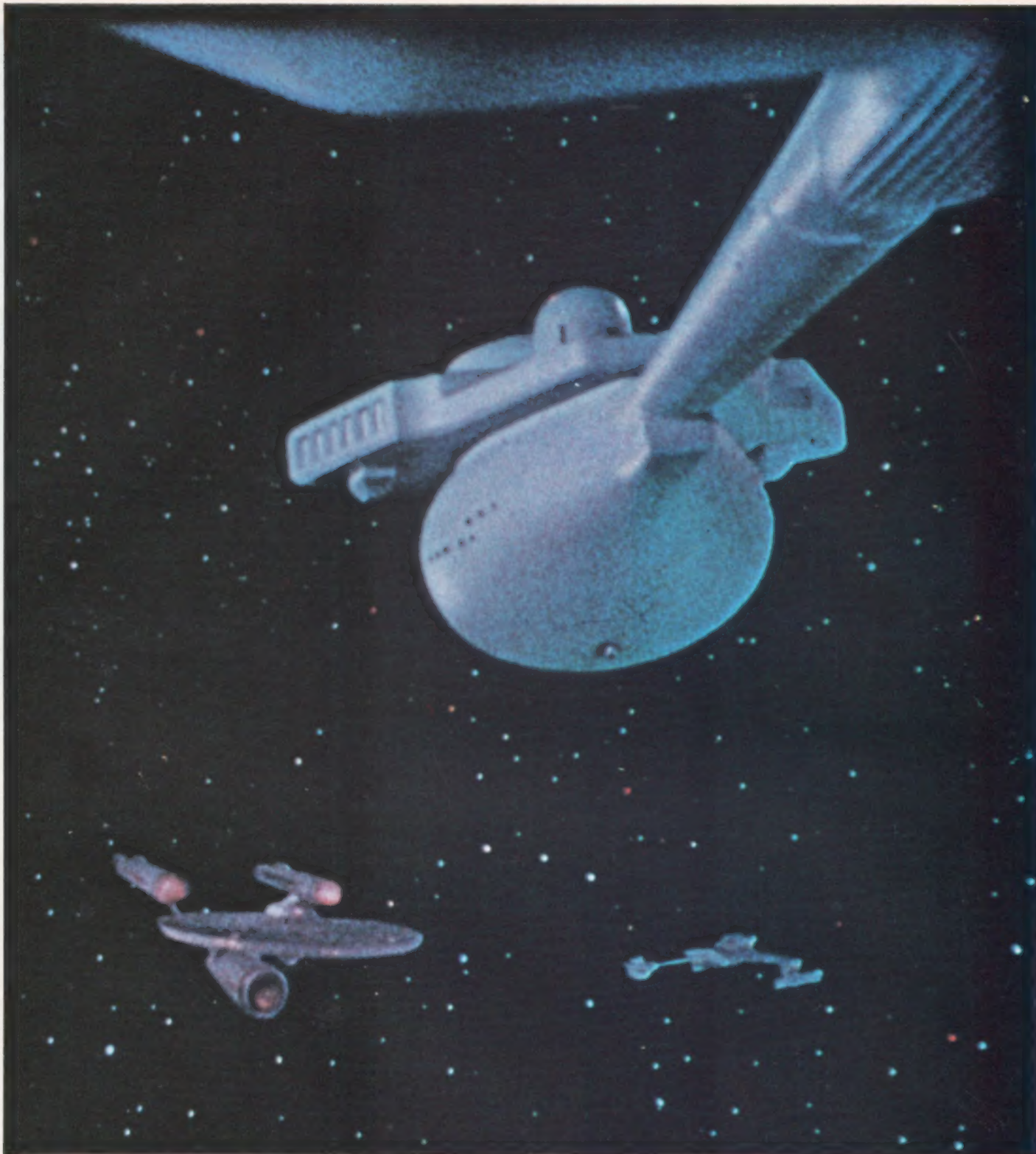
"A Piece of the Action" Dir: James Komack. Teleplay: David P. Harmon & Gene L. Coon. Regulars. Guests: Anthony Caruso, Victor Tayback, Lee Delano, John Harmon, Steve Arnold, Dyanne Thorne, Sharon Hillyer, Sheldon Collins, Buddy Garion.

"The Immunity Syndrome" Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: Robert Sabaroff. Regulars. Guest: John Winston.

"A Private Little War" Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Gene Roddenberry, from a story by Judd Crucis. Regulars. Guests: Nancy Kovack, Michael Witney, Booker Marshall, Arthur Bernard, Joe Romeo, Paul Bradley, Gary Pillar, Janos Prohaska.

"Return to Tomorrow" Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: John Kingsbridge. Regulars. Guest: Diane Muldaur.





*"Patterns of Force"* Dir: Vincent McEveety. Teleplay: John Meredyth Lucas. Regulars. Guests: David Brian, Skip Homeier, Richard Evans, Valora Norland, William Wintersole, Patrick Horgan, Ralph Maurer, Gilbert Green, Bart LaRue, Paul Baxley, Peter Canon, Chuck Courtney, Ed McCready.

*"By Any Other Name"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana & Jerome Bixby, from a story by Bixby. Regulars. Guests: Warren Stevens, Barbara Bouchet, Stewart Moss, Robert Fortier, Carol Byrd, Leslie Dalton, Julie Cobb.

*"The Omega Glory"* Dir: Vincent McEveety. Teleplay: Gene Roddenberry. Regulars. Guests: Morgan Woodward, Roy Jensen, Irene Kelley, David L. Ross, Eddie Paskey, Ed McCready, Lloyd Kino, Morgan Farley, Frank Atienza.

*"The Ultimate Computer"* Dir: John Meredyth Lucas. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana, from a story by Lawrence N. Wolfe. Regulars. Guests: William Marshall, Barry Russo, Sean Morgan.

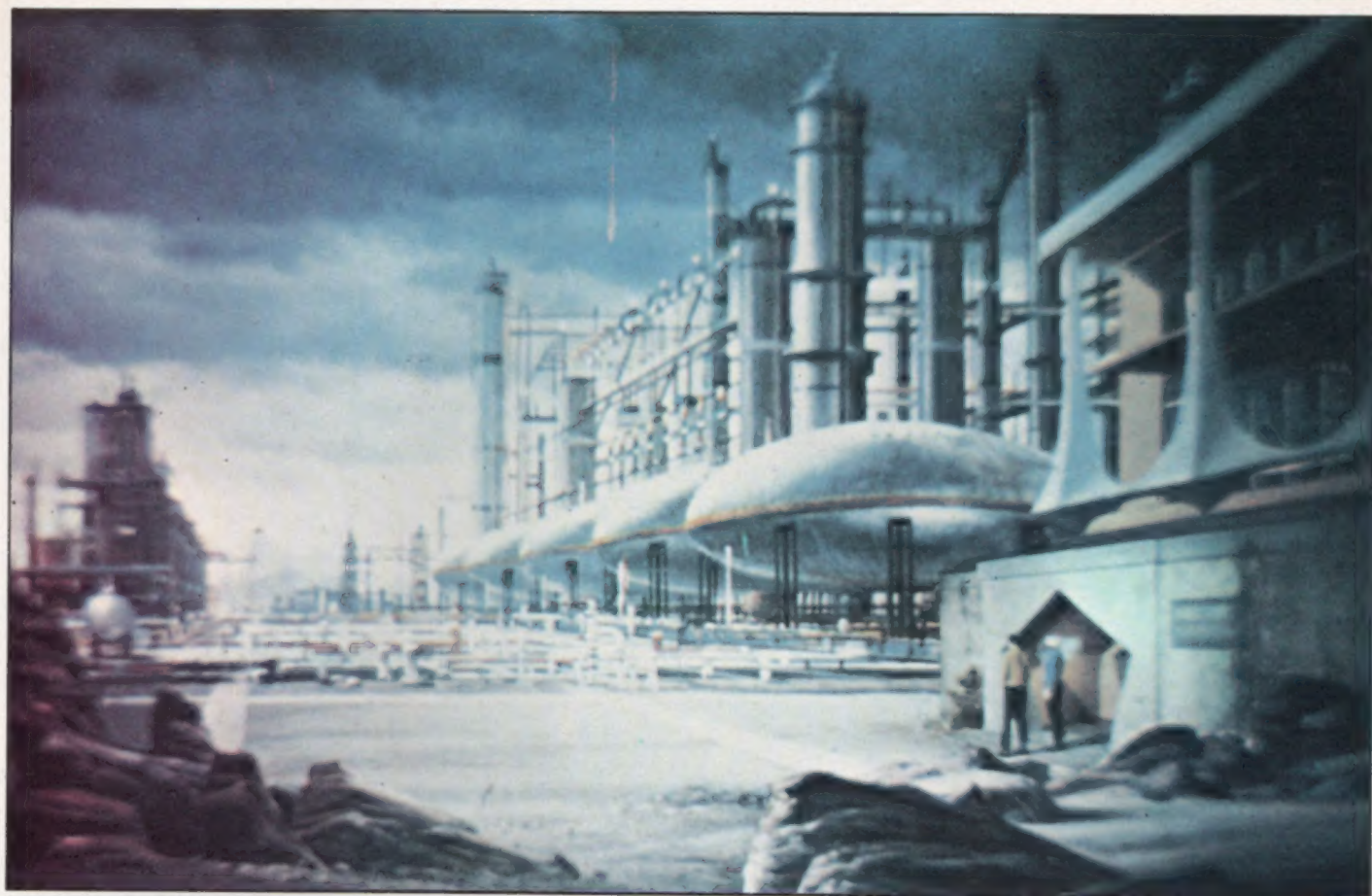
*"Bread and Circuses"* Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: Gene Roddenberry & Gene L. Coon, from a story by John Kneubel. Regulars.

Guests: William Smithers, Logan Ramsey, Ian Wolfe, Rhodes Reason, Lois Jewell, Bart LaRue, Jack Perkins, William Bramley, Max Kleven.

*"Friday's Child"* Dir: Joseph Pevney. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana. Regulars. Guests: Tige Andrews, Michael Dante, Julie Newmar, Cal Bolder, Kirk Raymone, Ben Gage, Robert Bralver.

*"Assignment: Earth"* Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Art Wallace, from a story by Gene Roddenberry and Art Wallace. Regulars. Guests: Robert Lansing, Terri Garr, Jim





"Where No Man Has Gone Before" featured Gary Lockwood as an *Enterprise* crewman who gained telekinetic powers and threatened the very universe with his might. In this scene, Kirk and Spock arrive on an uninhabited industrial planet for the first time. Note the magnificent background painting, (backdrop or glass shot?) with no matte line visible.

Keefer, Morgan Jones, Lincoln Demyan, Paul Baxley, Ted Gehring, Bruce Mars.

### Third Season:

"*Spock's Brain*" Dir: Marc Daniels. Teleplay: Lee Cronin. Regular Cast: William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, George Takei, Nichelle Nichols, Majel Barrett, Walter Koenig. Guests: Marj Dusay, James Daris, Sheila Leighton.

"*The Enterprise Incident*" Dir: John Meredyth Lucas. Teleplay: D. C. Fontana. Regulars. Guests: Joanne Linville, Jack Donner, Richard Compton, Robert Gentile, Gordon Coffey, Mike Howden.

"*The Paradise Syndrome*" Dir: Jud Taylor. Teleplay: Margaret Armen. Regulars. Guests: Sabrina Scharf, Rudy Solari.

"*And the Children Shall Lead*" Dir: Marvin Chomsky. Teleplay: Edward J. Lakso. Regulars. Guests: Melvin Belli, Vraig Hundley, James Wellman, Pamela Ferdin, Brian Tochi, Caesar Belli, Mark Robert Brown, Louis Elias. "Is There in Truth No Beauty?" Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: Jean Lisette Aroeste. Regulars. Guests: Diana Muldaur, David Frankham.

"*Spectre of the Gun*" Dir: Vincent McEveety. Teleplay: Lee Cronin. Regulars. Guests: Ron Soble, Bonnie Beecher, Rex Holman, Bill Zuckert, Sam Gilman, Abraham Sofaer, Charles Maxwell, Charles Seel, Ed McCready, James Doohan, Gregg Palmer, Richard Anthony.

"*Day of the Dove*" Dir: Marvin Chomsky. Teleplay: Jerome Bixby. Regulars. Guests:

Michael Ansara, Susan Howard.

"*For the World is Hollow and I Have Touched the Sky*" Dir: Tony Leader. Teleplay: Rik Vollaerts. Regulars. Guests: Kate Woodville, Byron Morrow, Jon Lormer.

"*The Tholian Web*" Dir: Ralph Senensky. Teleplay: Judy Burns & Chet Richards. Regulars only. No guest players.

"*Plato's Stepchildren*" Dir: David Alexander. Teleplay: Meyer Dolinsky. Regulars. Guests: Michael Dunn, Liam Sullivan, Barbara Babcock, Ted Scott, Derek Partridge.

"*Wink of an Eye*" Dir: Jud Taylor. Teleplay: Arthur Heinemann. Regulars. Guests: Kathie Brown, Jason Evers, Eric Holland, Geoffrey Binney.

"*The Empath*" Dir: John Erman. Teleplay: Joyce Muscat. Regulars. Guests: Kathryn Hays, Alan Bergman, Willard Sage, Jason Wingreen, Davis Roberts.

"*Elaan of Troyius*" Dir: John Meredyth Lucas. Teleplay: John Meredyth Lucas. Regulars. Guests: France Nuyen, Jay Robinson, Tony Young, Lee Duncan, Victor Brandt, K. L. Smith, Dick Durock, Charles Beck.

"*Whom Gods Destroy*" Dir: Herb Wallerstein. Teleplay: Lee Erwin. Regulars. Guests: Yvonne Craig, Steve Inhat, Key Luke, Richard Geary, Gary Downey.

"*Let That Be Your Last Battlefield*" Dir: Jud Taylor. Teleplay: Oliver Crawford, from a story by Lee Cronin. Regulars. Guests: Frank Gorshin, Lou Antonio.

"*Mark of Gideon*" Dir: Jud Taylor. Teleplay: George F. Slavin & Stanley Adams. Regulars. Guests: Sharon Acker, David Hurst, Gene

Kynarski, Richard Derr.

"*That Which Survives*" Dir: Herb Wallerstein. Teleplay: John Meredyth Lucas, from a story by D. C. Fontana. Regulars. Guests: Lee Meriwether, Arthur Batanides, Naomi Pollack.

"*The Lights of Zetar*" Dir: Herb Kenwith. Teleplay: Jeremy Tarcher & Shari Lewis. Regulars. Guests: Jan Shutan, John Winston, Libby Erwin, Bud da Vinci.

"*Requiem for Methuselah*" Dir: Murray Golden. Teleplay: Jerome Bixby. Regulars. Guests: James Daly, Louise Sorel.

"*The Way to Eden*" Dir: David Alexander. Teleplay: Arthur Heinemann, from a story by Michael Richards and Heinemann. Regulars. Guests: Skip Homeier, Charles Napier, Mary Linda Rapelye, Victor Brandt, Deborah Downey, Phyllis Douglas.

"*The Cloud Minders*" Dir: Jud Taylor. Teleplay: Margaret Armen, from a story by David Gerrold and Oliver Crawford. Regulars. Guests: Jeff Corey, Diana Ewing, Charlene Polite, Fred Williamson, Ed Long.

"*The Savage Curtain*" Dir: Herschel Daugherty. Teleplay: Arthur Heinemann & Gene Roddenberry, from a story by Roddenberry. Regulars. Guests: Lee Bergere, Barry Atwater, Phil Pine, Carol Daniels Dement, Robert Herron, Nathan Jung, Janos Prohaska, Bart LaRue.

"*All Our Yesterdays*" Dir: Marvin Chomsky. Teleplay: Jean Lisette Aroeste. Regulars. Guests: Ian Wolfe, Mariette Hartley.

"*Turnabout Intruder*" Dir: Herb Wallerstein. Teleplay: Arthur Singer, from a story by Gene Roddenberry. Regulars. Guests: Sandra Smith.



# SPACEBURST

